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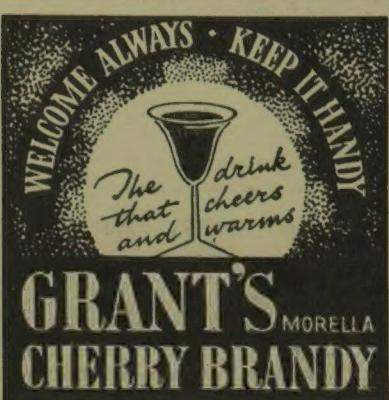
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1939.



THE KING'S COMMAND: HIS MAJESTY PERSONALLY GIVES THE CODE WORD DIRECTING A "READINESS PATROL" TO TAKE OFF FROM AN R.A.F. AERODROME HE VISITED IN FRANCE.

This scene took place on December 6, when, in the course of a tour of the armies in France, his Majesty visited an R.A.F. aerodrome. After inspecting the personnel manning the aerodrome the King went into the operations room, whence the movements of the squadron are controlled. On the aerodrome was a "readiness patrol," the machines run out with the pilots in their cockpits prepared to go up at a moment's notice should the enemy appear. The King spoke into the radio

telephone, giving the code word direct to the patrol to take the air. He then hurried to the doorway to see his command carried out. By the time he reached the open the fighters were already soaring upwards, and a few seconds later they were lost in the mist. Elsewhere in this issue a drawing by Captain de Grieau of the readiness patrol flying off is reproduced; and other incidents of his Majesty's tour are illustrated by drawings and photographs.

SPYING OUT THE ENEMY'S SECRETS FROM THE AIR:

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

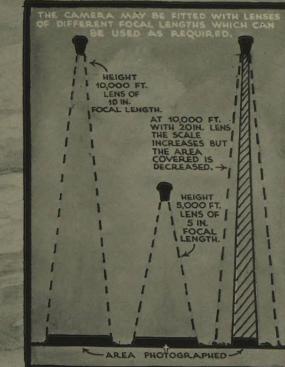
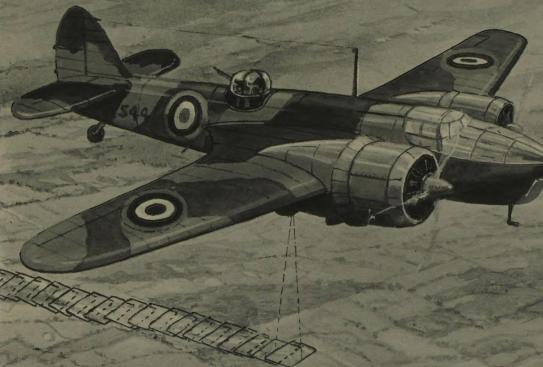
AIRCRAFT ON AIR



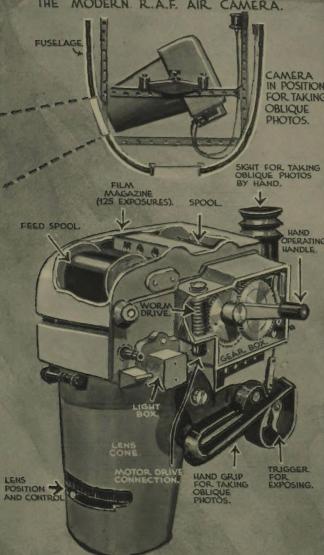
PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE WORK IN THE R.A.F.

G. H. DAVIS, FROM OFFICIAL INFORMATION.

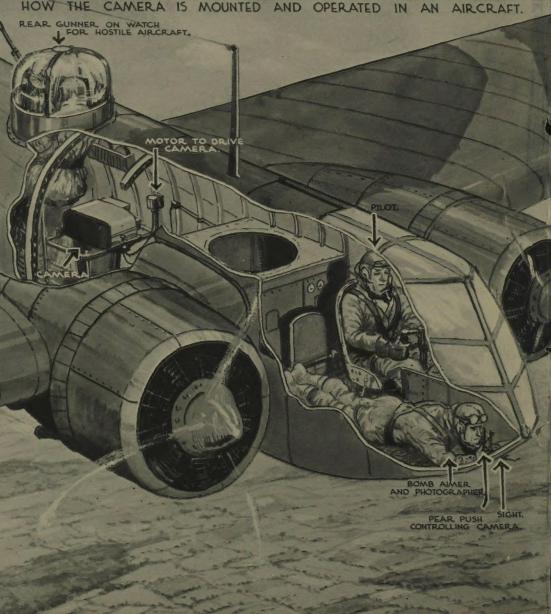
PHOTOGRAPHY DUTY



THE MODERN R.A.F. AIR CAMERA.



HOW THE CAMERA IS MOUNTED AND OPERATED IN AN AIRCRAFT.



HOW THE R.A.F. HAS OBTAINED ITS GREAT COLLECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF VITAL AREAS IN GERMANY: AND THE STEREOSCOPIC INTERPRETATION

One of the most important tasks of the Royal Air Force is that of photographic reconnaissance. Already, since the beginning of the present war, many thousands of valuable photographs have been taken of German territory on the Western Front, gun positions, trenches, barbed-wire and other vital points—all are revealed in full detail as the result of the work of our airmen, with the aid of British camera apparatus, which is the finest in the world. The aerial camera in use by the R.A.F. to-day is electrically driven, and 128 consecutive exposures can be made on each spool of film.

The exposure moment for every photograph is arranged to take place automatically every so many seconds, depending upon the height flown by the aeroplane and upon its ground speed. Each photograph overlaps the preceding one by a slight margin. Thus, when prints have been taken from the negative film, they may be joined together after trimming away the slight amount of overlap, and a complete picture of the hostile territory covered by the photographic reconnaissance is then available for examination, and as the result of the information gained, the necessary action may be

THE METHODS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE MACHINES; THE CAMERA AND OTHER APPARATUS USED; OR OVERLAPPING AIR PHOTOGRAPHS.

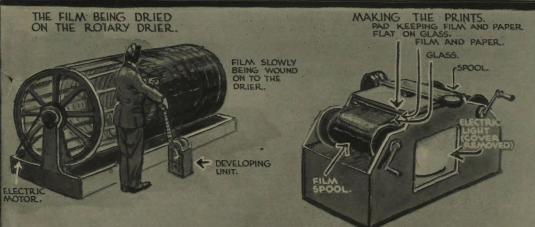
taken to counteract or to forestall the enemy. Stereoscopic air photographs give information of the highest possible value, because they show up natural features such as hills or valleys, or man-made structures, whether above the ground or dug into its surface. When stereoscopic air photographs are needed, the exposure interval is arranged so that each photograph overlaps the preceding one by about two-thirds. When the prints are made, those portions of each pair which are stereoscopic are cut out and mounted side by side and when examined through stereoscopic apparatus the scene appears

in vivid model-like relief. The after-treatment of exposed films is dealt with by R.A.F. ground staff, who use the latest methods for the rapid production of prints. The roll-films are developed and fixed by the tank method. Then they are washed, and wound around a large circular frame, which is rotated by an electric motor to make the film dry quickly. Prints are made by passing them in contact with the film through a special printing-box, and subsequently developing, fixing, washing and drying them. An example of R.A.F. air photography in the present war appeared in our issue of October 21.

AFTER THE AIRCRAFT RETURNS THE FILM IS PLACED FIRSTLY IN THE WASHING TANK, THEN IN THE DEVELOPING TANK AND THEN BY SUBSEQUENT STAGES GOES THROUGH FIXING AND WASHING TANKS.



THE FILM BEING DRIED ON THE ROTARY DRIER.



STEREOSCOPIC AIR PHOTOGRAPHS TWO PHOTOGRAPHS EACH OVERLAPPING THE OTHER BY ABOUT 60% MAY BE TRIMMED TO PRODUCE A STEREOSCOPIC EFFECT.



A TYPICAL AIR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE ROYAL AIR FORCE.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of these days, we all suppose, the world is going to be a far happier place. I have always been firmly convinced of it myself, and always shall be, for I enjoy a very optimistic nature, though no more so than most people. When that day comes—and it is coming very soon—everything is going to become very simple. The problems that worry us now will worry us no more. There will be material difficulties, of course, for, though idealists, we are also practical, hard-headed men, and we know this is a practical world. But they will not be difficulties of a kind that can cause us any real anxiety. We shall be able to take them in our stride. There will still be bills, but we shall have no difficulty in paying them; we shall still, perhaps, occasionally have disputes with our colleagues and superiors in office or factory, but we shall always be proved in the right. In all we do or endeavour, we shall, after a short encounter with the misunderstanding or stupidity of our fellows, emerge triumphantly and without strain. For our ship will have come in, we shall have arrived in our Father's Kingdom, we shall have reached the shining country of Utopia. With the certainty of so happy a prospect, a little extra effort now can scarcely be grudged; or, alternatively—and each man can choose according to his temperament—there is no need to overwork oneself unduly to obtain what will assuredly before long be given.

And such is human nature and the benevolence of all-seeing Providence, that the worse the seeming face of things, the more convinced we become that a good time is shortly coming. The harder it rains, the brighter, the warmer the ensuing sunshine. At such moments, Mark Tapley peeps out from every pair of eyes in the streets. Especially, I always think, in English streets. It is true that the English often wear an air of somewhat sombre gravity. They walk along the pavements, or sit silent and aloof in bus or tube, as though they were on their way to a funeral. When they return to the bosom of their families in the evening, they pour cold water on any too-ostentatious wifely or filial optimism, by a few dark and cryptic words of gloomy prognostication. But they never for a moment believe in their own doubtful prophecies. They only make them because, if they did not put some curb on the cheery optimism bubbling and singing inside them, they would burst. As a matter of fact, when they get away from their domestic responsibilities, and feel free to let themselves go, they no longer curb their joyous certainty of victory. Put a thousand Englishmen in khaki, for instance, hand their careful wives and careless children to the care of the State, and set them out marching—ostensibly to their own

death—and you will hear their good spirits almost lift the roof of the sky. I can still hear across the gulf of twenty-two years the lilt of that singing as the legions, marching in fours towards the thundering horizon, saluted the happy morn—

The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you and not for me!
O death where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling?
O grave thy victory?

I can never hear the absurd tune and words, recalling what they do, without something of the thrill that Sir Philip Sidney experienced every time he read the old Ballad of Chevy Chase. The fact that those who sang it a generation ago mostly died in tragic and desperate encounter to rid the world of war and

Or so, unless my memory serves me false, we used to sing in the early days of the last war. And, in due course, we wound up the watch on the Rhine, as being at heart a tougher race than our opponents, we shall undoubtedly do again. But whether everything will then be any more "Potsdam fine" than it was before is another matter.

But there can be no doubt that the invincible heart of man supposes so. Even the kind that beats in the calm seclusion of Pall Mall clubs and the lofty security of Oxford Common Rooms. Already the intellectual air is thick with wonderful plans for rebuilding the world on a more celestial basis when victory has been won. There is talk of common-

wealths and federations and unions, from all of which, presumably, the kind of misunderstandings, passions, hatreds, fears and dreams of vengeance which have led to the present conflict will be banished for ever. The whole world, human nature included, is going to do what we so often resolved to do when we were little children—turn over a new leaf. And far from finding it any harder to do so after several years of slaughter, anger and destruction, it will find it infinitely easier. At least, so the learned contributors to *The Times* correspondence columns on Peace Aims would seem to give one to understand. I hope they are right. And perhaps there is more happiness to be got from hoping so now than posterity will ever get from the actual fulfilment of such hopes. Nor will that much trouble posterity, for it also will have its hopes.



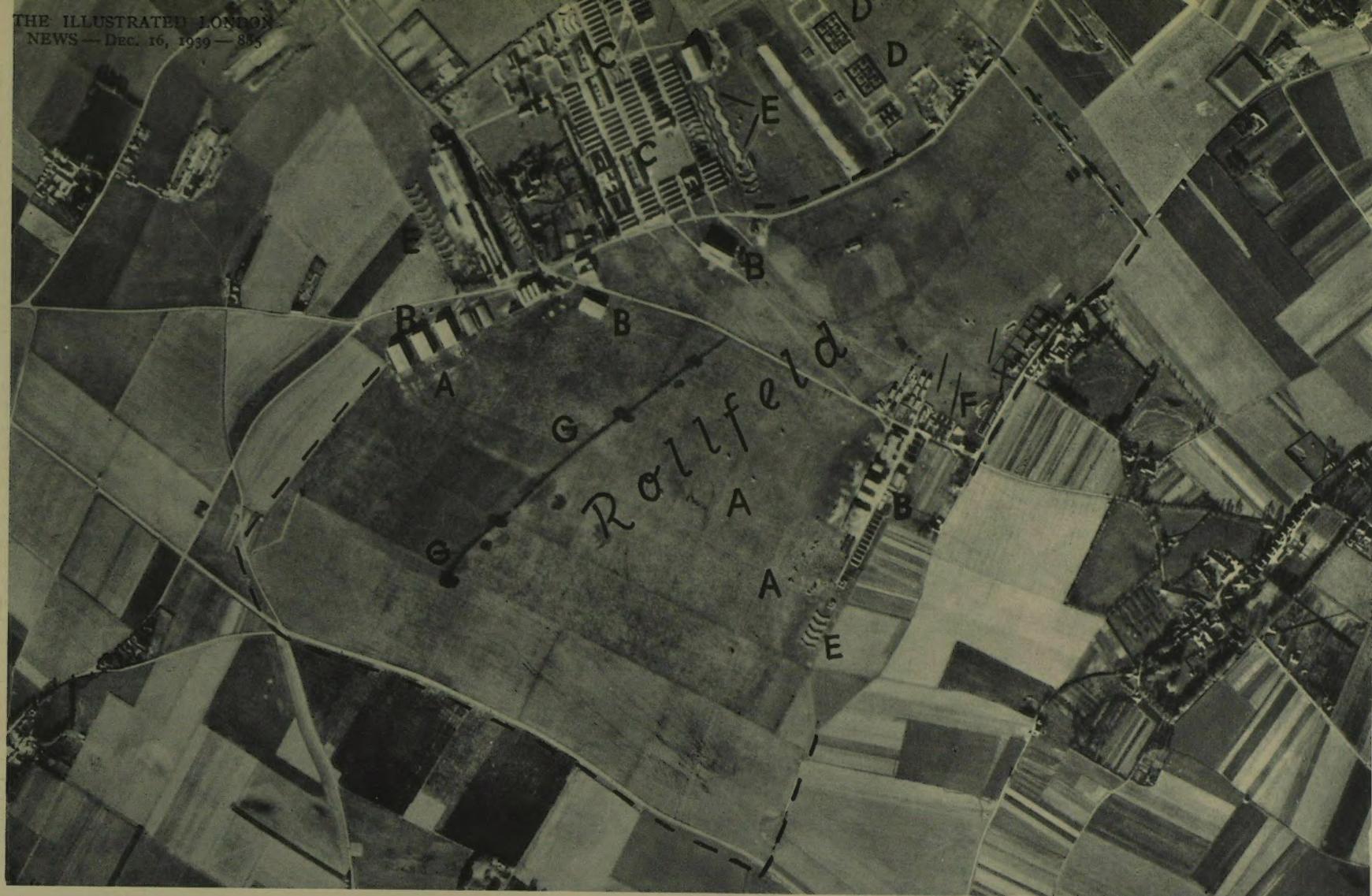
A SYMBOL OF ALLIED UNITY AND OF BRITAIN'S DETERMINATION TO DEVELOP HER FULL WAR-EFFORT UPON LAND AT THE SIDE OF FRANCE: THE KING WITH PRESIDENT LEBRUN, M. DALADIER, AND VISCOUNT GORT DURING HIS VISIT TO THE ARMIES IN FRANCE. In the course of his tour of the Army zones in France the King had lunch with the President of the French Republic and M. Daladier on December 7. The lunch took place at the invitation of his Majesty and was given at a restaurant in a provincial town behind the lines. The meal was a simple one and there was no special ceremony; though a distinguished company was present, including Viscount Gort and the Duke of Gloucester. Both M. Lebrun and M. Daladier, it was noticed, wore black ties in deference to his Majesty's recent bereavement, in the death of Princess Louise, and the British Court mourning. (British Official Photograph.)

Prussian militarism for ever does not deter their sons, crusading once more for the same ends, from singing in the same cheery strain. They know that, though the sky falls down, the world they inherit will be a better place for its falling. "Run, rabbit, run!" they thunder in happy chorus to the marshalled armies waiting in the Siegfried Line. There also, no doubt, the sons of men—of a more solemn and sententious sort, as befits a Teuton crusade—are expressing in song and brave speech their conviction of the coming victory of that elusive but pre-ordained dispensation—the armed dominion of the world by the shining saints and heroes of the Reich. Victory is certain, and their own joy and happiness is assured to them and their seed world without end. They have forgotten that their predecessors on Marne and Somme were just as optimistic—

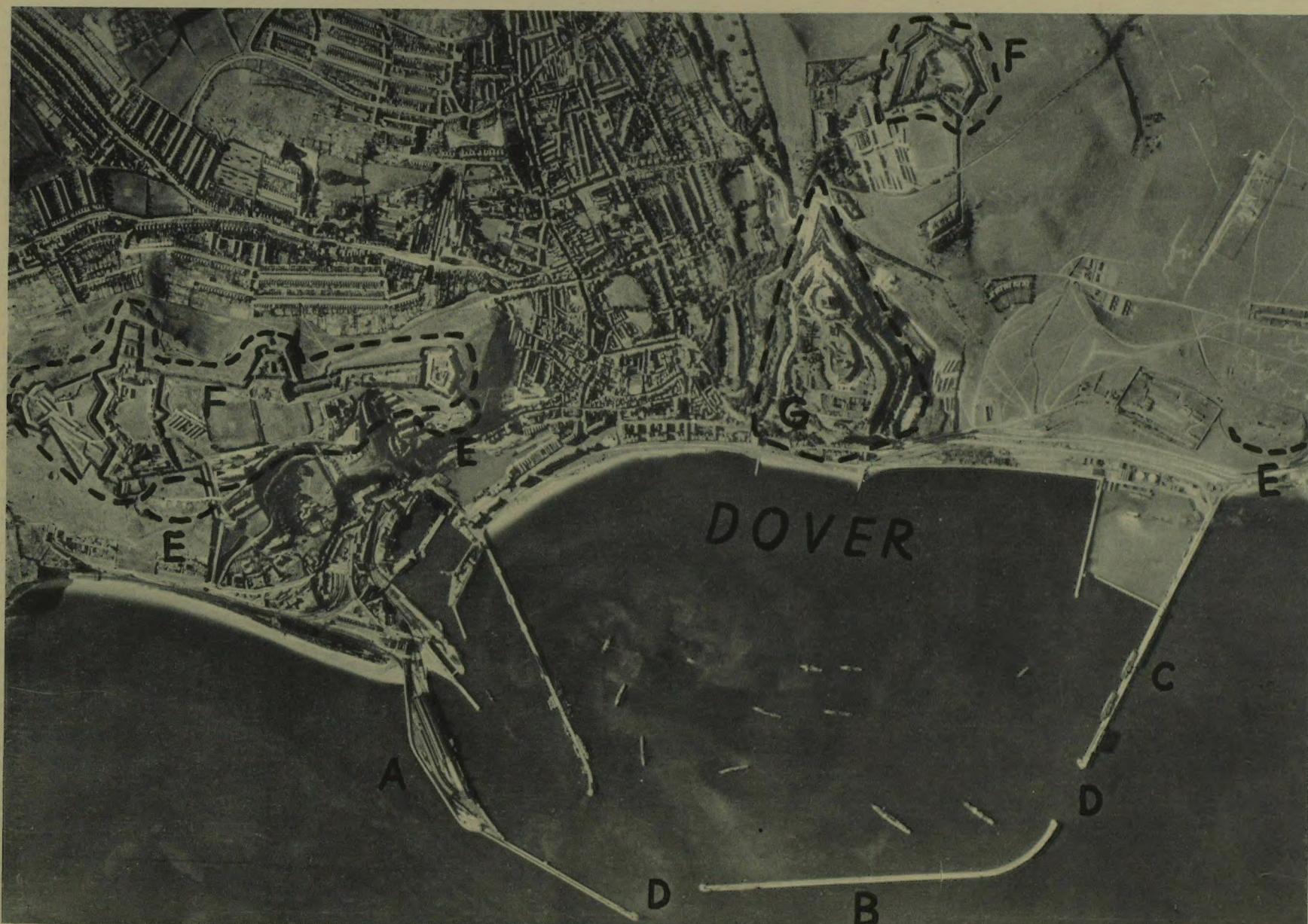
When we've wound up the watch on the Rhine!
O! Keir Hardie no doubt will repine.
You and I, "Hurrah!" we'll cry,
Everything will be Potsdam fine!

into poems, and even set to music. But our hopes remain, and so long as they do so, happiness can never be banished from the earth. "There is only one wish realisable on the earth," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson; "only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death. And from a variety of circumstances, we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.

"A strange picture we make on our way to our chimeras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach the goal; it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end. O toiling hands of mortals! . . . Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour."



A DETAILED PHOTOGRAPH OF AN ENGLISH EAST COAST AERODROME THAT COMES FROM GERMANY: ONE OF A SERIES OF AIR VIEWS STATED TO HAVE BEEN TAKEN BY GERMAN RECONNAISSANCE PLANES OVER ENGLAND; SHOWING MANSTON, NEAR RAMSGATE. THE INTERPRETATION OF THE LETTERING IS GIVEN BELOW.



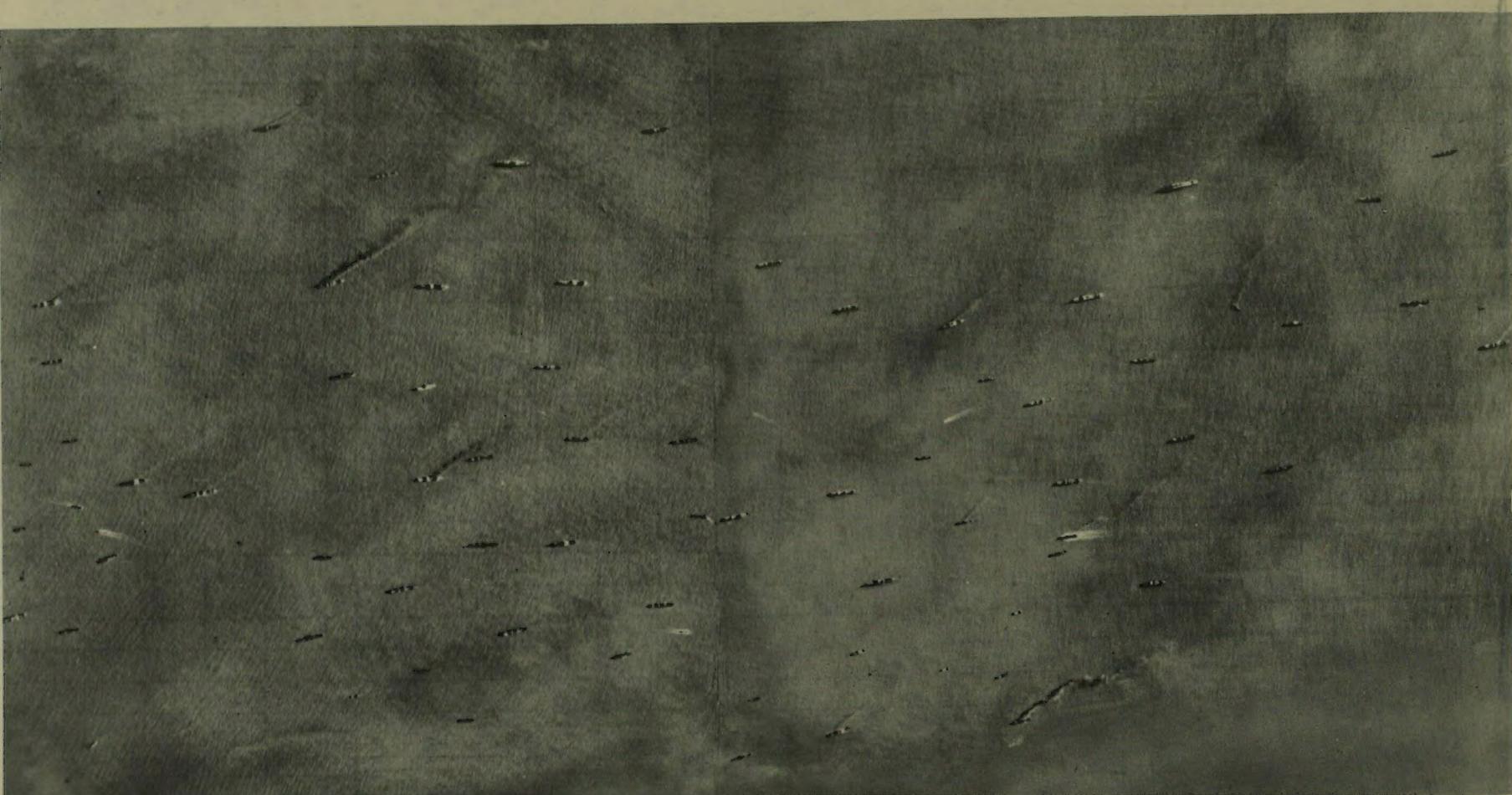
DOVER HARBOUR: ANOTHER OF THE SERIES OF AIR VIEWS STATED TO HAVE BEEN OBTAINED BY LUFTWAFFE RECONNAISSANCE MACHINES.

The air-photographs reproduced on this and the following pages appeared recently in a German periodical as having been taken by German reconnaissance planes flying over England. There appears to be no reason why they should not be genuine, for solitary German reconnaissance planes are known to have flown over on various occasions since the war. The R.A.F. have, of course, taken quantities of photographs of different parts of Germany, though few of them have been permitted to be published by our authorities. One very fine one, however, showing Völklingen, in the Saar valley, was reproduced in our issue of October 21. The

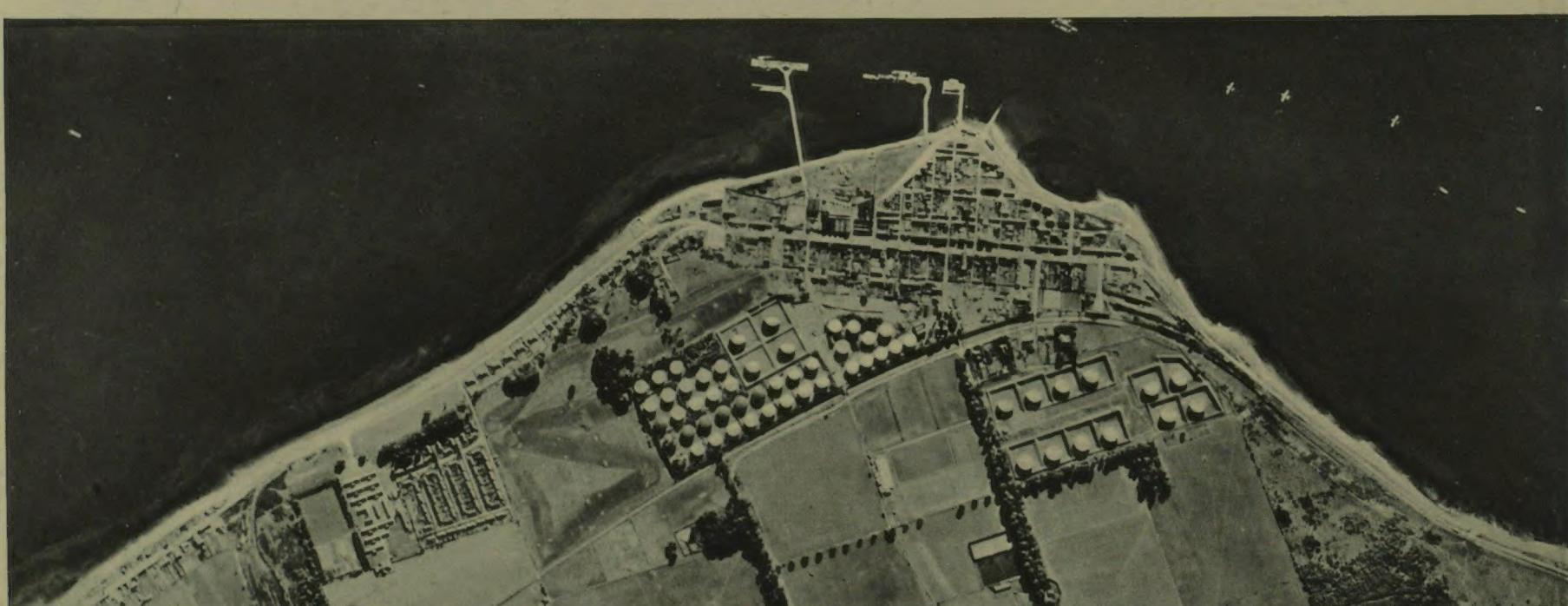
German interpretation of the photograph of Manston Aerodrome (near Ramsgate) runs: A: fighter planes on the flying-field.—B: hangars.—C: barracks.—D: walled-in magazines.—E: air-raid shelters.—F: radio-masts.—G: camouflage marking on the aerodrome. The interpretation of the Dover photograph runs: A: the railway-station.—B: breakwater.—C: side-mole.—D: entrances to the harbour.—E: coastal defence batteries.—F: forts.—and G: the citadel (Dover Castle). In the harbour are freighters and passenger ships. Readers who are familiar with Dover harbour will readily be able to pick up other points. (A.P.)



AN AIR-PHOTOGRAPH STATED TO HAVE BEEN TAKEN BY GERMAN RECONNAISSANCE MACHINES OVER SCOTLAND, SHOWING "A COASTAL FORT ON THE MORAY FIRTH."



"THE DOWNS": A PHOTOGRAPH OF RANKS OF MERCHANT SHIPS, MOST OF THEM NOT UNDER WAY, STATED BY THE GERMANS TO SHOW THE CONTRABAND CONTROL STATION.



THIS ITEM IN THE GERMAN SERIES IS DESCRIBED AS INVERGORDON. ROWS OF OIL-TANKS ARE VISIBLE, AND AEROPLANES ON THE DARK BACKGROUND OF THE SEA (UPPER RIGHT).

On this page are further examples of the series of aerial photographs of Britain stated to have been taken by German reconnaissance planes, and recently published in Germany. The full description of the uppermost one reads: "North-east of Inverness on the Moray Firth: A coastal fort blocks the entrance: the narrow tongue of land is thrust sharply seawards. Behind the fort, with its coastal batteries at *A*, lie the barracks for the troops, *BB*." Presumably Fort George is referred to, that historic relic of the eighteenth century. The Downs, which are stated to be shown in the centre photograph, are now one of the stations for the British contraband

control. With regard to the third photograph, the Germans appear to have gone astray in their geography. The description reads: "At Invergordon: oil-tanks are ranked one beside the other; to the same inlet on which Kinloss [? Kinross] aerodrome lies, come the tankers bringing oil from overseas. On the right are 'planes on the water, ignorant that the camera of the German airman high above them in the sky has seen them." If Kinross is really the aerodrome referred to, the Germans seem to have slipped into a curious geographical error—Kinross being about 100 miles from Cromarty Firth and Invergordon as the crow flies. (A.P.)



ONE OF TWO IN THE SERIES OF GERMAN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS PURPORTING TO SHOW THE THAMES AND TAKEN DURING RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHTS: "OIL-TANKS" AT THAMES HAVEN. THE GERMAN INTERPRETATION OF THE DETAILS SHOWN IS GIVEN BELOW. (A.P.)



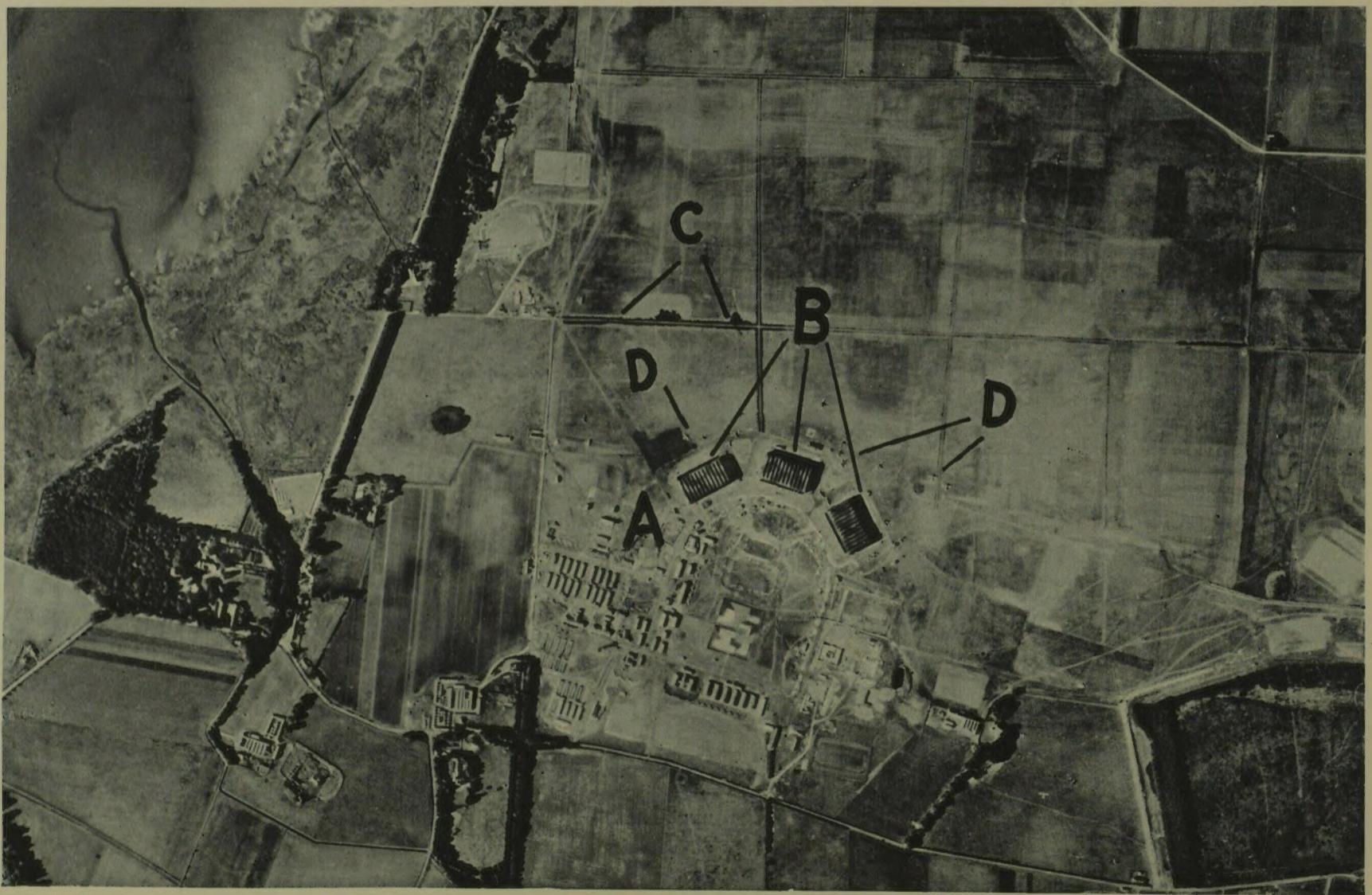
"TILBURY DOCKS": THIS ITEM IN THE GERMAN SERIES IS REMARKABLE FOR ITS FINE QUALITY, AND REPAYS EXAMINATION WITH A MAGNIFYING GLASS, BEING FULL OF MINUTE DETAILS WHICH DEMONSTRATE THE GREAT IMPORTANCE OF THIS BRANCH OF AERIAL ACTIVITY TO MILITARY INTELLIGENCE. (A.P.)

Whether or not these and other photographs in this series were taken by German reconnaissance planes, there can be no doubt about the beautiful quality of the prints, and the wealth of detail they reveal. The interpretation of the upper one reads: "The great oil tanks show up clearly in the sunlight. The oil is treated in the refineries at AA. Tankers are moored at the jetties at BB to unload their

precious freight." The interpretation of the lower photograph reads: "The great warehouses in the Docks (A.A), with four great ocean-going steamers (B.B) in front of them; on the right a mooring-place for passenger steamers (C), with railway lines behind (D), and a branch road (E) for motors, with a bridge over the lines. Locks lead into the docks on left and right (FF). 'Speedboats' can also be seen."



A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE GERMAN SERIES SHOWING THE MERSEY FROM THE AIR AND ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN TAKEN BY A GERMAN AIRMAN: THE DOTTED LINE PURPORTS TO MARK THE LINE OF THE MERSEY TUNNEL. THE INTERPRETATION IS GIVEN BELOW. (A.P.)



DESCRIBED AS "KINLOSS AERODROME IN NORTH SCOTLAND" BY THE GERMANS, WHO CLAIM THAT THIS AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN DURING A RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT, SHOWS CAMOUFLAGE WORK AT C AND D. D, THE LATTER OBJECTS BEING CAMOUFLAGED HANGARS. (A.P.)

Like the photographs of the Thames on the preceding page, the aerial view of Liverpool seen above will appeal to all photographic *virtuosi* for its delicate quality. Those who know Liverpool may find it amusing to go over it with a magnifying-glass. The German interpretation reads: "The entrance to the commercial harbour at Birkenhead (A), opposite which, on the farther bank of the Mersey, stretch the wharves (B) of the City of Liverpool, with the landing-place for passenger boats at C. The ships moving rapidly through the water (D) are motor-boats, part of the city's traffic system. Across the Mersey runs the underwater tunnel

(broken line)." The lower photograph is described as: "Kinloss aerodrome in North Scotland." This again appears to be an error; Kinross, could hardly be said to be in North Scotland. "Barracks (A), and the characteristic layout of the hangars with camouflage painting (B). The locality is in the immediate neighbourhood of a big city [apparently another error]. Camouflage (C) is intended to deceive the enemy. A row of machines stand ready to take off from the aerodrome (D)." Obviously, these German photographs give rise to many questions, but as they treat of confidential matters, they cannot be discussed here.

THE DIAMOND CAVALCADE.

"THE STORY OF DE BEERS": BY HEDLEY A. CHILVERS.*

An appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE words "limited liability company" do not, as a rule, suggest romance, though sometimes there may be a tinge of it about prospectuses. As the judge remarked: "A corporation is that which has no soul to be damned and no body to be kicked." But it is possible to understand the ardour of the words with which Mr. Hedley Chilvers prefaces his history of De Beers. "The task," he writes, "of recording the story of the De Beers Consolidated Mines from 1888 to 1938—fifty wonderful years!—has proved grateful and absorbing. So that it was with no little regret that the final words of the book were penned. De Beers, memorable in inception and achievement, established by Rhodes in 1888 with powers as broad virtually as those of the East India Company, and controlled to-day by the Board of which Sir Ernest Oppenheimer is the distinguished Chairman, has been, in a literal sense, the inspiration of many major developments in Africa. In the pageant of the Sub-Continent, indeed, the diamond cavalcade has moved impressively among men and events. Its leaders have all been outstanding. The results of their work are basic to the Union of South Africa and the Rhodesias."

Sir Ernest Oppenheimer puts it more concretely: "There are few commercial companies whose story has interest and importance outside the business community. De Beers is, undoubtedly, such a Company, for the genius of its Founder and first Chairman, Cecil John Rhodes, made of it far more than a great profit-earner. The winning of diamonds was not the Company's only aim; it turned its attention to build railways for the opening-up of primitive Africa; to work coal-mines; to cultivate fruit farms; to breed horses and cattle; to manufacture explosives and fertilisers; to further all manner of charitable, educational

his shareholders like this: "Shareholders may be divided into two classes, those who are imaginative and those who are certainly unimaginative. To the latter class the fact of our connection with the Chartered

are closed, and closed satisfactorily. . . . If I might go farther and venture to draw a picture of the future, I would say that anyone visiting those mines one hundred years hence, though he saw merely some disused pits, would

if he pushed his travels farther into the interior, recognise the renewal of their life in the great European civilisation of the far north, and perhaps he would feel a glow of satisfaction at the thought that the immense riches which have been taken out of the soil have not been devoted merely to the decoration of the female sex."

However, the decoration of the female sex goes on, and, except during interruptions from wars and slumps, so does the demand for diamonds and the status of De Beers. I don't know if there is still a Mynheer De Beer of that stock, or what he thinks of the family fame now. The original De Beer, a Boer farmer, was angry with the "verdomde Engelsman" who had got his farm out of him for a small sum. "But suppose," he was asked, "you had received six million pounds for your farm instead of six thousand pounds; what would you have done with it?" "I would," he replied, "have been able to buy a brand new buck-waggon, new yokes, and a wire trek-tow!" In that anecdote are crystallised the two mentalities which in the end, in 1899, came to a clash.

Mr. Chilvers has drawn largely upon the Company's archives. His extracts from these include several racy summaries from Rhodes's speeches at meetings. Criticised for using De Beers' money for horse-breeding, he informed the shareholders: "Last time I was up here, we had a considerable quantity of diamonds on hand, and for amusement I put an advance of a shilling a carat on the price of those diamonds. Well, I got it. If I had not been here, and had not been struck with the idea, we might have got a shilling less, so I really may say that the horses on our farms were really bought by



THE GREAT BRITISH IMPERIALIST, AND THE FOUNDER AND FIRST CHAIRMAN OF DE BEERS, DURING THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY—SANDBAGS STRIKING A FAMILIAR NOTE TO MODERN EYES! CECIL RHODES (LEFT) ABOUT TO GO RIDING FOR EXERCISE.

Cecil Rhodes (1853-1902), the great Imperialist statesman, was also a man of astonishing financial ability, and founded De Beers. In Kimberley, throughout its famous siege, he played a large part not only in the town's defence but also in "town-planning" Kimberley for the future.

(Reproductions from "The Story of De Beers," by Courtesy of Cassell.)



SEEKERS AFTER FORTUNE OF EVERY CREED AND CLASS—THE GREAT GATHERING OF

DIGGERS AT GRASFONTEIN IN 1927, SHOWING "PEGGERS" FAR OUT ON THE HORIZON.

"Rushes"—whether gold or diamond—provide a thrill which no one can fail to feel—one minute the prospector may be penniless, the next worth thousands; and the most spectacular rush in mining history took place at Grasfontein as recently as 1927. (Photographs by Courtesy of the "Rand Daily Mail," Johannesburg.)



THE GREATEST "DIAMOND RUSH" IN MINING HISTORY—AND THE MOST ORDERLY:

THE "OFF" IN THE RACE OF THE 20,000 RUNNERS TO PEG CLAIMS AT GRASFONTEIN.

and patriotic enterprise. Most interesting of all, it helped indirectly, but none the less effectively, to secure for the British Empire, and to open up and develop, the great areas of the north which are now known as Rhodesia." And that is all due to Rhodes.

All the well-known episodes of the place and time are here in outline. The first diamond discoveries at Kimberley (whence the young Rhodes returned for a time to Oxford), the founding of De Beers, the steps towards securing monopoly control of the world diamond-market, the acquisition of mine after mine, the First and Second Boer Wars, the Jameson Raid, the rush to the Rand, the rushes (post-1918) in the Western Transvaal and "German South-West." Some of the finest stories the author is barely able to glance at, such as Rhodes' unarmed visit to the camp of the Matabele, as brave a thing as a man ever did. Nor does he take much notice of the controversies which will always be waged with regard to certain events in South African history, and Rhodes' career and associates. But the central fact is there, that if De Beers has been something more than an undertaking to make as much money as possible out of the vanity of women and maharajas, it is due to the fact that it owed its origin to a great and public-spirited man.

Rhodes wanted money to get power, and power to achieve certain aims he thought good for Africa, the Empire, and the world. He did not mind his colleagues wanting their millions for less enlightened reasons, but he drove or cajoled them to go his way, and left De Beers with a permanent tradition inherited from him of what he called "public acts." Was there ever another chairman of a great company who (the reference was to De Beers' financing of the British South Africa Company) would have addressed

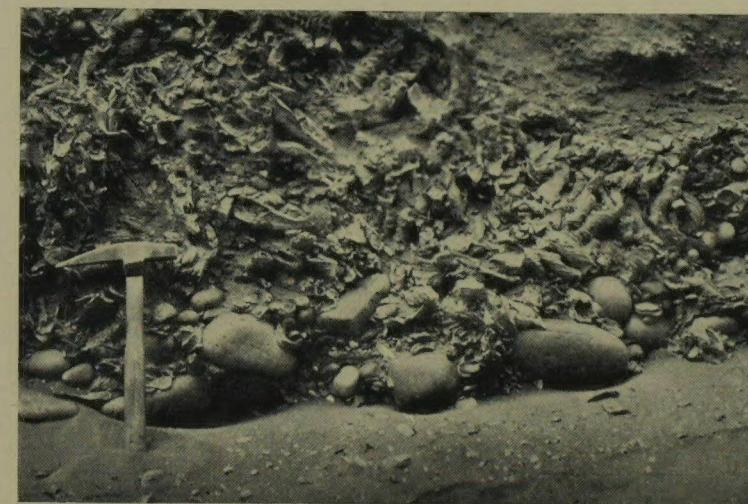
Company has been for many years a great trial. Human beings are very interesting. There are those of the unimaginative type who spend their whole lives in filling money-bags, and when they are called upon, perhaps more hurriedly

the diamond-buyers of Kimberley." On another occasion, referring to enterprises in the north, Rhodes said they had taken and held an interest in gold claims, but the outlay was trifling and hardly worth mentioning. "Merely, I

might say, what you would put into the church plate. We have some promising lots of claims, and may possibly get some extraordinary results, but at all events it is a small risk to take, and it gives a certain assistance to a new country. I feel sure none of you will protest against these little outside investments which we have undertaken, and if they only turn out as satisfactorily as similar ventures have done in the past, you will have no reason to complain." They certainly have not had much reason to complain. In the years from 1888 to 1937, over £71,000,000 was paid in dividends; salaries and wages in the same period come to but £46,000,000 odd, stores £22,000,000, and taxation, £7,000,000, the directors, by and large, seem to have handled their affairs with great skill; it certainly appears as though the old fears lest overloading of the market might lead to a fall of prices below a paying level have been averted.

There is a great deal of information in these pages, though much of it (since it is an official history) is of rather local interest to people closely associated with De Beers. And there are a very large number of illustrations showing prospecting and mining in all stages, with portraits of eminent directors from Rhodes and Barney Barnato onwards. A fascinating page is that in colour representing some of the celebrated diamonds of the world. Here are the Blue Hope, the Florentine (honey-coloured), the Orange Tiffany, the Dresden Green, the wonderfully-cut circular Orloff (which is said to have been stolen from an idol's eye in a Brahmin temple, and is now part of the treasure of the Bolshevik Government), the Koh-i-Nur, and the Cullinan, which is only one-sixth the weight of the original stone from which it was cut, but is still as large as a hen's egg.

A map would have been a good idea in a book so very topographical.



AN INDICATION THAT DIAMONDS MAY BE PRESENT—SOME OF THE LARGE FOSSIL OYSTERS IN THE FAMOUS "OYSTER BED," RAISED MARINE TERRACE, MERENSKY CLAIMS, S.W. AFRICAN COAST.

"Gravel," said Dr. Merensky, in his account of the diamond discoveries in 1926, "which carried diamonds invariably contained shells and valves of a large fossil oyster."

(Photograph by Courtesy of Dr. P. F. W. Beetz.)

than they desire [laughter], to retire from the world, what they leave behind is often dissipated by their offspring on wine, women and horses. Of these purely unimaginative gentlemen whose sole concern is the accumulation of wealth, I have a large number as my shareholders, and I now state for their consolation that the transactions with the Charter

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

I HAVE just been reading a story which kept me in a state of continual tension, and at moments set my heart pounding with excitement. Anyone who wants a real thrill should take the Book Society's advice and read "ESCAPE." By Ethel Vance (Collins: 8s. 6d.). It is not one of those novels which act as a mental restorative by carrying the mind away from the gloomy realities of the present. On the contrary, there is no "escape" for the reader, since the scene is laid in a concentration camp, where an attractive woman, once famous as an actress, is lying in the prison hospital under sentence of death for treason. In the first few pages of the opening chapter Emmy Ritter is visited by the young doctor who has just successfully operated on her for appendicitis, and learns from him she will be well, perhaps, in a week. "Oh," she exclaimed, throwing all her power into her voice. "Just in time for my execution!" Such is the heartbreaking situation at the outset, and from the first page to the last the reader is kept on tenterhooks of suspense as to whether or not the fatal sentence will be carried out. In this general respect the theme rather resembles that of Philip Macdonald's well-known thriller, "The Noose," though in that story, with its totally different setting, a doomed man was awaiting the hangman, not the headsman, and the rescuers' task was not to plan an escape, but to find exculpating evidence.

If it be admitted that, in a story of the kind told in "Escape," the author's object should be to maintain a state of apprehension and uncertainty up to the very last moment, the choice of title would almost appear to be a tactical error, for it seems to imply that someone did actually escape. At the most poignant and perilous moments, when the suspense becomes almost unbearable, the reader is therefore apt to find comfort in the reflection

Well, I suppose she must be got out of it somehow, or the book would not have been called "Escape." That is, of course, a justifiable attitude on the reader's part, but as a conscientious reviewer, reluctant to destroy the element of doubt which keeps the flame of interest alive, I am not going to reveal whether or not that attitude would be correct. We have it on the authority of a note on the wrapper (confirmed, however, by the whole atmosphere of the book) that the events recounted take place in Nazi Germany. In the tale itself, I have discovered no definite statement to that effect. The locality of the camp and of various towns and villages is not specified, but the names of fictitious characters are mostly German (a few are American), and there are several references to "Our Leader," while the description of one high but anonymous official, who figures incidentally as "the Marshal," conducting a military inspection, suggests a strong resemblance to Field-Marshal Göring.

There is another mystery connected with this powerful and engrossing novel, and that is—the personality of the author. As propounded by the publishers, who predict keen speculation on the subject among analysts of style, this is the enigma to be solved—"Who is Ethel Vance?" Is it a man, is it a woman? Is it an English, an American or a Continental writer? . . . Who is it, able to write so well, that feels it necessary to keep his (or her) identity from the Nazis?" I shall not attempt to suggest a name, and I should hesitate to do so even if I could produce any evidence on the point, lest it should get someone into trouble. From certain turns of phrase, however, occurring here and there, I am inclined to think that the author is an American. It is not stated whether the book was originally written in English, but I should say it was so, for the style is easy and natural and has not the air of a translation. It is more difficult to guess whether the author is a man or a woman, but from the character of the rather brief allusions to matters of dress, I seem to detect a masculine standpoint. If that be so, the author might have chosen a feminine pseudonym as a deliberate blind.

Another and even more remarkable scheme of escape from the clutches of the law (this time, British law about a century and a half ago), and actually *after* instead of *before* execution, forms the subject of a new seafaring yarn by the Poet Laureate—"LIVE AND KICKING NED," A Continuation of the Tale of Dead Ned. By John Masefield (Heinemann: 8s. 6d.). It was lucky for Ned (Doctor Edward Mansell, *alias* Torrance) that the English method of capital punishment in his day was by the rope, and not by the axe, as still used, even on women, in modern Germany. How he managed to survive the operation of an apparently "very imperfect" executioner is recalled in the opening paragraph of the present tale, linking it up with the *dénouement* of its predecessor. This paragraph runs: "If you have not read my story, let me tell you that I am a doctor, the son of a famous London doctor. Just before I came of age, I was accused of the

murder of my benefactor, old Admiral Topsle Cringle, of Hannibal House. I was innocent of the crime, but my luck was out; I was condemned and hanged for it. On the dissecting table, my medical friends restored me to life. . . . They contrived to get me to Liverpool, as surgeon to the slave-ship 'Albicore,' then bound for the Slave Coast in Africa. As something of my escape was suspected or surmised, this ship was beset, even in the act of sailing, by the thief-takers, who came just too late to be able to board and take me."

Dread of the thief-takers—the eighteenth-century equivalent of Scotland Yard detectives—haunted the doctor's mind all through the voyage, especially as the captain of the ship was himself "wanted" for murder, and the doctor feared that, on reaching an African port, they

might find that the thief-

taker had arrived before them in a frigate or other fast vessel. Lucky for him again that wireless, which in similar circumstances was destined to be the undoing of Dr. Crippen, had not then been invented. Mr. Masefield's mastery of old-time shipping lore in the days of sail, and his power of vivid narrative, proving once more that no one can write better prose than a poet, have enabled him to give us an adventure story which ranks among the best of its kind. It grips the reader's attention throughout, despite the many painful and horrible details necessary to give a true picture of life in a slave-trading ship in those brutal days—the fiendish cruelty of the half-demented captain and of the mate who eventually succeeded him, the miseries of the slaves, and the terrible retribution which overtook a landing-party in their camp on shore at the hands of a savage African tribe.

It is after this disaster that the strangest part of the doctor's adventures begins—an episode suggesting a combination of "Robinson Crusoe" and a romance by Rider Haggard. Following directions given him by the old Admiral whom he was supposed to have murdered, the doctor makes his way to the cave-dwelling of a French explorer who had discovered a mysterious white race in a remote region of Africa. Their city was threatened by hordes of the same wild tribesmen who had sacked the slavers' camp, and Dr. Mansell, finding himself involved in a siege, helps the Frenchman and his sons to bring up guns and ammunition from the stranded "Albicore." Affairs in the city are complicated by quarrels between rival political factions. After many vicissitudes, in the course of which he wins a bride, besides helping to win the war against the natives, he is chosen by the city's rulers to go as their envoy to London. Back in England, he is again in danger as an escaped convict on whom the sentence of the law has still to be carried out, yet he is not without hope of establishing his innocence and obtaining the royal pardon. What happened at this stage I must not divulge. Suffice it to say that Mr. Masefield works up to a dramatic climax. Here and in earlier chapters he gives harrowing glimpses of prison life in Newgate.

Active service in the British Navy at about the same historical period—that of the Napoleonic wars—is vigorously pictured in "CAPTAIN HORNBLOWER, R.N." By C. S. Forester (Michael Joseph: 8s. 6d.). This book comprises three sections—(1) "The Happy Return"; (2) "A Ship of the Line"; and (3) "Flying Colours," and since, I gather, these already figure in published lists of the author's works, as separate stories, the present volume, running to nearly 900 pages, is evidently one of the "omnibus" type. Readers familiar with the gallant Captain's personality, and his earlier adventures at sea, will be glad to have them bound up with the two sequels describing later stages of his career. Such readers need no reminder that the narrative abounds in picturesque accounts of sea-fights and other stirring events. Like Dr. Mansell, Captain Hornblower, on returning to England, was a prey to anxiety. His trouble was that he had to face a Court Martial for the loss of a ship, but as this misfortune had followed a brilliant action against overwhelming odds, and was followed by a daring escape, the outcome of the trial turned out to be a personal triumph for him.

How this result was attained emerges from a passage which also indicates more exactly the date of the story. "The fancy of the British public," we read, "had been caught by the news that a captain whom they had imagined to be foully done to death by the Corsican tyrant had succeeded in escaping, and not merely in escaping, but in carrying off a British ship of war which had been for months a prize to the Corsican. . . . It was beginning to dawn upon Hornblower that he was famous. . . . Lately there had been no naval officer prominent in the affections of the public—Cochrane had wrecked himself by his intemperate wrath after the Basque Roads, while six years had passed since Hardy had kissed the dying Nelson; Collingwood was dead and Leighton, too, for that matter—and the public always demanded an idol."

Towards the close of the tale several historical personages come into it, among them "Prinny" (the Prince Regent), Spencer Perceval, Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, then an Under-Secretary, and Hookham Frere, ex-Ambassador to Spain. We leave the hero in a blaze of glory, yet, for reasons due to his temperament, not wholly at ease. For one thing, he resented being used as a political pawn by the ruling powers, and even prospective success in love did not dispel his disillusion. Otherwise, his course seemed set for the Happy Isles.



BOATSWAIN'S MATES PIPING HIS MAJESTY OVER THE SIDE ON ARRIVAL AT A CHANNEL PORT—THE KING ABOUT TO DESCEND THE GANGWAY OF THE BRITISH DESTROYER WHICH CARRIED HIM TO FRANCE.

Despite the extremely rough crossing, the King spent the entire time on the bridge of the destroyer which landed him at a Channel port at 4 p.m. on December 4—the first stage in his visit to the troops in France. After the brief and informal landing ceremony, the King entered the camouflaged Army motor-car seen below, accompanied by General Viscount Gort and Captain the Earl of Munster, attached to his Majesty during the visit. At the head of a small convoy of cars the King then drove to British G.H.Q., where he stayed as the guest of Lord Gort. The crossing to France took about one and a half hours, and was made with an escort of destroyers and aircraft. (British Official Photographs.)



HIS MAJESTY SETTING OFF IN A CAMOUFLAGED ARMY CAR TO BRITISH G.H.Q. AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN FRANCE—THE KING, WEARING THE SERVICE UNIFORM OF A FIELD-MARSHAL AND A TRENCH COAT, BEING ACCOMPANIED BY GENERAL VISCOUNT GORT, THE C.-IN-C., AND CAPTAIN THE EARL OF MUNSTER, WHO WAS ATTACHED TO HIS MAJESTY DURING THE VISIT.



WHERE SEVERAL UNIVERSITY TEACHERS AND MANY STUDENTS LOST THEIR LIVES: THE TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL WRECKED BY SOVIET BOMBS. (A.P.)

**BOMBS RAVAGE HELSINKI:
THE HORROR OF MADRID, BARCELONA
AND WARSAW BEGINS AGAIN.**



THE GERMAN CHURCH WRECKED BY A RUSSIAN BOMB—PROOF OF INDISCRIMINATE RAIDING, DESPITE M. MOLOTOV'S DISCLAIMER. (G.P.U.)



HIT IN ONE OF THE FIRST THREE RAIDS: THE RUINS OF A HOUSE IN HELSINKI AFTER THE RAIDERS HAD PASSED. (L.N.A.)



A PROGRESSIVE, PEACE-LOVING PEOPLE WANTONLY ATTACKED IN FLAGRANT VIOLATION OF A NON-AGGRESSION PACT AND LENIN'S WORDS: WOMEN OF HELSINKI CALMLY SEEK SHELTER—A SHOT FROM A BRITISH PARAMOUNT NEWS-REEL.



A "WAILING WALL" OF WAR-TORN EUROPE: PEOPLE OF HELSINKI, INCLUDING MANY CHILDREN, SHELTERING FROM BOMB-SPLINTERS UNDER A HIGH WALL DURING A RAID BY SOVIET AIRCRAFT. (British Paramount News-Reel.)



A CHAOS OF SMOKING RUINS—FORMERLY AN APARTMENT HOUSE, WHERE THE KILLED NUMBERED SCORES OF INHABITANTS—GUTTED BY A HEAVY BOMB. (A.P.)



SLICED AS BY A TORNADO, AND BLAZING FURIOUSLY: A SWEDISH CHEMICAL FACTORY IN HELSINKI WRECKED BY SOVIET HIGH-POWER BOMBS. (A.P.)



WITH ROOFING CRUMPLED, AND WRECKED FLOORS BELCHING FIRE AND SMOKE—THE HAVOC WROUGHT BY AN INCENDIARY BOMB. (A.P.)

M. Molotov, in response to President Roosevelt's humane appeal for an assurance that the Soviet would not bomb civilian populations in Finland, declared that Red airmen had merely attacked "a few aerodromes." That the U.S.S.R. Commissar for Foreign Affairs was not correctly apprised of the exploits of Russian pilots in an aggression which has outraged the conscience of the civilised world is clearly demonstrated by these photographs, exclusively of civilian quarters in

Helsinki. There is not one "military objective" among them. Raids occurred on November 30 and the following day, when comparatively few evacuations had taken place. Now there are less than fifty thousand persons left in the capital. Large blocks of flats suffered severely, and scores of inhabitants were said to have been killed when a heavy bomb struck and completely gutted an apartment house. It was officially announced that eighty people lost their lives in the first day's raids.

THE WAR WITH NAZI GERMANY: RUSSIA, FINLAND AND GERMANY.

By CYRIL FALLS.

IN one of my earliest commentaries written in these columns, I stated my belief that, in the Anglo-Russian talks last summer, the Soviet representatives had declared their inability to aid us in checking German aggression unless they obtained military control of the four Baltic Republics, and that we had declined to ask for co-operation on any such terms. That view appears to be proved correct by the recent statement of Lord Halifax, guarded as it was. Assuming that this represents, broadly speaking, what took place, I am going to use it as a background for some speculation upon what is now taking place in Finland, upon the relations between the two robber Powers, and upon the significance of it all for the Allied cause.

The subject is one upon which there is difference of opinion in this country. Is Germany really uneasy about the Soviet attack upon Finland and the possibility that the Russians may obtain control of the Gulf of Bothnia? Granted that she does not like it, has she nevertheless made up her mind that it is compensated for by services which Russia is rendering or has promised to render? Is the criticism in German naval and military circles genuine, and, if so, has it been allowed to reach the neutral Press for some ulterior reason? Is she putting out a smoke-screen by hinting that Russia is the real danger to civilisation? Are we likely to see in the near future a closer co-operation, even an alliance, between the two States? These are all questions which have been much debated during the last few days.

I think it probable that Germany, first of all, decided to make the best of a bad business, but that second thoughts have made it appear less welcome than ever. We know that she supplied Finland with arms up to the very moment when the Russian attack began. We have evidence that, since then, she has permitted the flight of Italian aircraft sold to the Finns—though doubtless in fulfilment of a contract made some time ago—across her territory, and even their refuelling at one of her airports. It is actually reported that, after fighting had been in progress for some little time, she made Finland an offer of additional warlike material. It is, in a word, the state of affairs which I foretold: partners in crime are bound by their contracts not in virtue of their pledges, but only by their convenience. On the other hand, it seems likely that Germany wants to extract the greatest possible propaganda value from the incident. Anything which tends to confuse the minds of her opponents or to divert attention from

their primary aims must be useful to her. And I do consider that our minds are at the moment inclined to be so diverted, and that the process is not without danger. One whose judgment I value, a man with a knowledge of international affairs such as few can claim, put to me the other day the case for active British intervention in Finland. We entered this war, he said, in defence of the rights and liberties of small nations. Neutral opinion is, in general, favourable to our cause; almost the only reservation is to be found in an occasional suggestion that we are, in fact, fighting to weaken Germany in accordance with the old theory of the balance of power. Nowhere shall we find opportunity to disprove such statements in a more honourable and righteous cause than that of Finland.

Well, we are now, it has been announced, prepared to supply her with arms, which are, indeed, possibly on their way to her. Beyond that, it does not appear

practicable to go with safety. The task we have taken on is gigantic in any event, and it does not seem wise to add to its magnitude at the present moment. This aggression, evil and horrible though it be, concerns the Oslo States more than us. If they are too timid to unite for the purpose of checking it, it is not reasonable that we should be called upon to shoulder yet another responsibility. We may later on be forced into hostilities with Russia by action on her part, but that constitutes no reason why we should go half-way to meet trouble. The Soviet principles are in no way superior to the German, and the aggression against Finland is no more excusable than are the recent actions of Germany. Yet Russia represents a very much lesser material menace than Germany.

their superiority. The effect of all this may be, in a measure, to relieve Germany's anxiety. She may feel that she can afford to disregard any temporary advantages gained by Russia, because it will not be difficult to deal with the Soviet forces later on. Should that be the case, one would expect to see in the near future a further fraternisation between Germany and Russia, rather than a breach between them.

Yet I am gravely mistaken if this should develop into a military alliance, at least for a considerable time to come. I still think that Russia is out to improve her position at the minimum cost, not to engage in a major war. After all, why cut down the tree when the fruit will fall? Even the prospect of

the Finnish campaign must have been viewed by her as the mere shaking of a branch. She did not even have to shake the Estonian, Latvian and Lithuanian branches, because there the plums fell of themselves. Actually, the Finnish campaign is proving a very much more difficult enterprise than she can have anticipated.

My final words shall be devoted to the strictly military aspect of that campaign, which is, to my mind, one of the most interesting of modern times. Finland is a country very difficult to invade from the south-east and east. The southern part consists as to 30 per cent. of lakes, and there is a large area in which the extent of the water is greater than that of the land. Further north runs a wide *massif* of tumbled hills, thickly wooded, through which the Russo-Finnish frontier is drawn—and it is significant of the nature of this country that the boundary is here a straight line ruled across the map. The able soldier to whom Finland owes her freedom, and who was for

long afterwards in supreme control of her destinies, realised that such a country did not require an army of the standard pattern for its defence, while offence was, of course, out of the question, even if the Russians tell us that they have been quaking in fear of it. Under his guidance and experience, drawn from the war of liberation, the Finnish Army and its reserves were organised and trained to take advantage of the natural obstacles and of the conditions of the long winter. These troops are skilled marksmen, stalkers and skiers. In the Arctic twilight of the north they fight like flitting

ghosts. Further south they sweep through the forests, multiplying themselves by their mobility; feinting, striking, retiring, counter-attacking. Even on the Karelian Isthmus, between Lake Ladoga and the Gulf of Finland, where a great system of fortification known as the "Mannerheim Line" has been constructed, their tactics are not completely rigid. These defences were designed to take in the network of lakes and streams, some of which do not freeze in a normal winter; they consist of a series of mutually supporting works echeloned in great depth. Certainly, up to the time of writing, the Russian claim to have broken through in this sector appeared to be unwarranted. The Finnish artillery has been efficiently handled, with the consequence that the Russian tanks have suffered heavily. The Finnish defence is an inspiring spectacle of the application of brains to open warfare in conditions which put a premium upon local knowledge and resource.



THE ART OF WINTER WARFARE WHICH THE FINNS HAVE DEVELOPED MOST INGENIOUSLY: WHITE-CLOAKED MACHINE-GUNNERS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF NATURAL COVER.



LIKE A PILGRIMAGE OF SOME WEIRD MONASTIC ORDER: FINNISH SKI-TROOPS GLIDING THROUGH THE SILENT SNOW-CARPETED FOREST. An Italian journalist with the Finnish forces has given a romantic picture of their methods of winter fighting. Their troops wear white coverings and are often armed with quick-firing pistols or short rifles. In the darkness of the northern winter they move like white bats. Transport of war materials is by sledges shaped like cradles. The guns go on skis, over two feet wide, pulled by small Finnish horses. While all the Finnish troops are excellent skiers and make full use of their manoeuvrability, the Russians, it seems, are not very nimble, and some reports speak of units which find their skis to be only a hindrance. (Photographs by Fox, and Keystone.)

The threat of the former is, indeed, rather moral and social; it cannot be countered so well by force of arms as by building up a home front strong and healthy enough to withstand the poison. Indeed, in some respects Russia is now far less a counterbalancing force to Germany than she was three months ago. The Germans will since then have taken note of the reports, which are not without their irony, that many of the Russian troops in Poland and Finland are wretchedly equipped and clad. When they hear of prisoners taken by the Finns in the Arctic, and found to be wearing tattered greatcoats and unsound boots, they—and we ourselves, also—may ask whether these are the troops of that ultra-modern, ultra-efficient State which was believed by so many to be providing a pattern for the military as well as the social organisation of the future. The marked inefficiency which the Red Army appears to have displayed in actual fighting up to the time when these words are written

A MENACED BRITISH INTEREST IN FINLAND: THE PETSAMO NICKEL-MINE.



CLOSE TO THE FRONTIER, AND THUS THREATENED BY THE RUSSIAN ATTACK: THE MOND NICKEL-PLANT AREA AT KOLOSJOKI, IN THE PETSAMO REGION OF NORTHERN FINLAND—COVERED IN EARLY WINTER BY SNOW.



ONE OF THE NEW ROADS BUILT BY MONDS IN THEIR FIVE YEARS OF PRELIMINARY WORK. EVEN IF RUSSIA CAPTURES THE PLANT, NO NICKEL IS OBTAINABLE FOR AT LEAST A YEAR.



ANOTHER VIEW OF "THE LAND OF LAKES," SHOWING THE 10-IN. AIR PIPE-LINE BRINGING POWER FOR SHAFT-SINKING TO KAULATUNTURI, IN THE MOND CONCESSION AREA. THE 2800 FINNISH WORKERS ARE NOW MOBILISED AND FIGHTING.



THE SUMMER ASPECT OF TYPICAL COUNTRY IN THE PETSAMO DISTRICT, WHERE THE MOND NICKEL PLANT AT KOLOSJOKI IS SITUATED: ONE OF THE STAFF WITH AN ELECTRICAL PROSPECTING APPARATUS.



"DAYTIME" IN KOLOSJOKI, WHERE DURING THE WINTER MONTHS ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING WAS USED FOR WORK ON THE MOND PLANT: THESE PHOTOGRAPHS, CONTRASTING WITH THE SUMMER SCENES ON THIS PAGE, ILLUSTRATE THE DIFFICULTIES, OF LIGHT, AND OF TRANSPORT, THROUGH SNOWBOUND AREAS WHICH THE SOVIETS ARE NOW ENCOUNTERING IN THEIR ATTACK.



As we write, the Mond nickel plant at Kolosjoki, in Finland's northern area of Petsamo, has not as yet fallen into Russian hands. Some of the concession territory, however, is only a few miles from the border. The Finnish workers, of whom there were 2800 when the war started, were mobilised at the outset, and are now fighting in this region. (Petsamo is not, as often suggested in Press reports, a town, but a district, the ice-free harbour being Liinahamari.) The last of the foreign staff, Mr. Sincox, crossed into Kirkenes, the Norwegian border town,

on December 1, having waited till the news of the first Russian advance reached him. The rest of the foreign staff had left on November 30, the day the war began. The Russians, however, even if they capture Kolosjoki, will not be able to obtain any nickel for at least a year, and probably longer, since only the preliminaries of work, in the way of building, surveying, etc., have so far been completed. Monds have been at work now for some five years. The township of Kolosjoki, near the village of Salmijärvi, has been entirely constructed since then.

PICTORIAL NEWS OF WAR AND PEACE: PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS.



SIR R. PLUNKETT-ERLE-DRAX.
Appointed Commander-in-Chief, the Nore, in succession to Admiral Sir Studholme Brownrigg. Headed the Services Mission which visited Russia in connection with the negotiations between the British and Russian Governments, which came to an end with the conclusion of the Russo-German pact. Previously, Commander-in-Chief, Devonport. (Elliot and Fry.)



THE CONTRABAND COMMITTEE, WHICH PLAYS A VITAL PART IN THE BLOCKADE, IN SESSION;
THE CHAIRMAN, VISCOUNT FINLAY, BEING AT THE FAR END OF THE TABLE.

In the case of there being any grounds for suspicion as to a vessel's cargo, the British authorities may give orders for her to be unloaded. A full statement of the evidence is then submitted to the Contraband Committee, here seen in session under the chairmanship of Viscount Finlay, who has Mr. Justice Morton, the Deputy Chairman, on his left. The French Mission, the Admiralty, and British Ministries are represented on the Committee. (Planet.)



MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SENR.
Died on December 12; aged fifty-six. A famous film-star, noted for his athletic prowess on the screen. Appeared in his first film in 1914 under D. W. Griffith and later was seen in "The Mark of Zorro," "The Thief of Baghdad," "The Three Musketeers," and "Robin Hood." He married Mary Pickford in 1920 and was divorced in 1935. (A.P.)



A U-BOAT SUNK BY DESTROYERS: A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH, SHOWING A MAN ON THE CONNING-TOWER, WHICH IS BARELY AWASH, AND TWO MORE IN THE WATER.

This photograph is claimed to be the first taken of the actual destruction of a U-boat since the war began. A description of the action runs: "Sound detectors gave the destroyers their clue. Depth-charges were dropped and found their mark. Desperately the U-boat dived deeper and deeper, but at last was forced to the surface, where it was immediately fired upon by the destroyers' guns. Two of the U-boat's crew are swimming to a destroyer. Another is on the conning-tower." (Keystone.)



A BRITISH SUBMARINE, DISABLED BY HEAVY SEAS, PUTS INTO A NORWEGIAN PORT FOR REPAIRS. BEHIND HER IS A BRITISH DESTROYER, WHICH ESCORTED HER IN.

On the afternoon of November 30 a British warship anchored at Mosteroy, in Mastra Fjord, near Stavanger, and was shortly followed by another warship, towing a submarine. Repair work was at once started on the submarine, which had had her rudder damaged by heavy seas, water being blown from her stern until she floated very high. She remained until the repairs were completed—as entitled by international law—and left a few days later. (Planet.)



THE NEW ZEALAND CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION OPENED AT WELLINGTON:
THE "UNITED KINGDOM" COURT ILLUMINATED ON THE OPENING NIGHT.

The New Zealand Centennial Exhibition, celebrating the hundred years of Britain's most remote Dominion's incorporation in the Empire, was opened by the Governor-General of New Zealand, Lord Galway, on November 8. The Exhibition, which occupies an area of sixty-five acres, on an isthmus which faces the open sea and Wellington Harbour, is a national undertaking with the King as royal patron, the Governor-General as patron, Mr. D. G. Sullivan, Minister of Industries and Commerce, as president, and Mr. T. C. A. Hislop, Mayor of Wellington, as chairman. The



THE "COURT OF PIONEERS" DURING THE OPENING BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL,
LORD GALWAY; WITH AN N.Z. DEFENCE FORCE GUARD OF HONOUR.

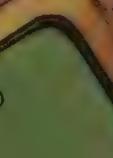
buildings of the Exhibition have an area of sixteen acres, and are ranged on either side of the broad Centennial Avenue. The United Kingdom, Australia, Canada, and Fiji have courts of their own, displaying graphically the character and resources of the mother country and sister Dominions. New Zealand was brought under the sovereignty of Queen Victoria on February 5, 1840, "to avert the evil consequences which must result from the absence of the necessary laws and institutions." (L.N.A.)

THE WAR AGAINST NAZI AGGRESSION—THE FOURTH MONTH.



AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR CYRIL NEWALL, CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF.

SENIOR AIR MEMBER, THE AIR COUNCIL; MEMBER, THE AIR COUNCIL (SUPPLY AND ORGANISATION) 1935-37.

Uncle Jennifer Jean Charles
Diana  Eric +  Uncle  Land

Diana

Rolf +  Eric +  Uncle Land

FATHER CO

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UNG CHARLES

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Margaret

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99



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DECORATED TIN, TO GREET CHRISTMAS MORNING.
SEND 60 GOOD WISHES
- de RESZKE OF COURSE

D.R. MINORS - 60 for 2/6 in decorated tins

THE KING WITH THE BRITISH AND FRENCH ARMIES IN FRANCE.



A KING WHO CARRIES A GAS-MASK GREETS ONE OF THE OFFICERS OF HIS STRANGELY CLAD ARMY: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE ROYAL TOUR IN FRANCE. THE OFFICER IS IN BATTLE-DRESS—IDENTICAL WITH THAT OF HIS MEN.



THE KING, INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM OTHER AIR FORCE OFFICERS IN OVERCOAT AND FORAGE CAP, JOINS IN THE LAUGHTER AT A JOKE. WITH HIM IS THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER; AND WAR-CORRESPONDENTS IN UNIFORM.



GREAT EAGERNESS WAS DISPLAYED BY THE FRENCH PRESS THAT THE KING SHOULD VISIT THE FRENCH AS WELL AS THE BRITISH ARMY: HIS MAJESTY IS HERE SEEN SALUTING A GUARD OF HONOUR IN A FRENCH SECTOR.

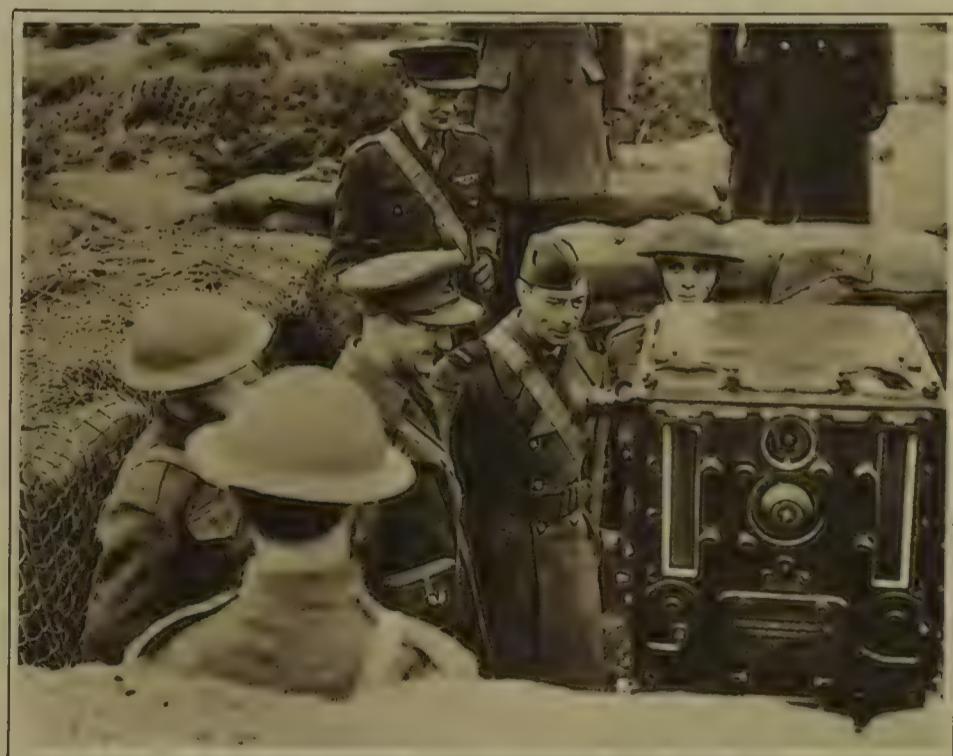


IN THE MAGINOT LINE: THE KING, WHO WAS ONE OF THE FIRST VISITORS TO THE SECTOR WHICH THE B.E.F. HAVE TAKEN OVER, INSPECTING A PILL-BOX.



FLYING-OFFICER R. C. GRAVELEY CONGRATULATED BY THE KING, WHO AWARDED HIM THE EMPIRE GALLANTRY MEDAL FOR A RESCUE FROM A BURNING 'PLANE.'

The King's visit to the Western Front is the subject of the drawing reproduced upon the front page and of other drawings made by our special war artist in France, in this issue. The King's visit took place, twenty-five years, almost to a day, after the first of the visits paid by his father, King George V., to the B.E.F. in France in 1914. In the course of his tour, he visited troops of all arms, went right up into the line, and also spent two days with the French Army. He travelled many hundreds of miles in dreary weather, splashing through "army mud," as can be seen in some of the photographs on this page. The King's



WITH THE B.E.F. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS UNDER THE OPEN SKY: H.M. THE KING INSPECTING THE COMPLEX PREDICTOR FOR AIMING THE GUNS, IN A SANDBAGGED, CAMOUFLAGED PIT.

tour of the Maginot Line was made in the company of General Gamelin, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies. The King saw the fortifications and inspected units of the R.A.F. and British troops in contact with the enemy there. He decorated General Gamelin with the G.C.B., and General Georges, the French Chief of Staff, with the G.B.E. On his return to England, the King sent a message to Lord Gort which was published in an Order of the Day, in which he said: "I am satisfied from all you have shown me that the British soldier of to-day is at least the equal of his predecessor, both in efficiency and spirit."

THE KING COMMANDS—AN R.A.F. "READINESS PATROL" TAKES OFF;

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST



AN INCIDENT OF THE KING'S TOUR IN FRANCE: THE "READINESS PATROL" AT AN R.A.F. AERODROME TAKING OFF ON OUR FRONT PAGE. WITHIN THIRTY SECONDS OF RECEIVING HIS MAJESTY'S

On our front page we show the King giving the code order—by radio telephone—from the operations room—to the "readiness patrol" to take off from an R.A.F. aerodrome in France. Here we reproduce Captain de Grineau's complementary drawing—of the machines under way. A "readiness patrol," or "standing patrol" is a detachment of aircraft which, in every aerodrome, is always kept prepared for instant action, the pilots being seated in their cockpits with engines

turning over. Within thirty seconds of the King's order being received the patrol was already in the air. "As I stood alongside the telephone box," says Captain de Grineau, "I saw the pilots receive the command, and an instant later the propellers of the three fighters were whirling round and they were taking off. By the time the King had hurried to the door of the operations room to see his order executed the patrol was swooping skywards at an incredible

HIS MAJESTY HAVING 'PHONED FROM THE OPERATIONS ROOM.

IN FRANCE, CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



HIS MAJESTY HAVING TELEPHONED THE ORDER PERSONALLY FROM THE ADJOINING OPERATIONS ROOM—AS ILLUSTRATED ORDER THE PATROL OF THREE FIGHTERS WAS ALREADY IN THE AIR.

speed, and a few seconds later was lost in the mist." The weather was bitterly cold at the aerodrome. Offered a drink, his Majesty refused. "But," he added, "I do not suppose anyone here has any China tea." Fortunately, a Group Captain shared the King's taste for China tea, and some was immediately forthcoming. During the King's visit to France, which ended on December 10, his Majesty inspected the forward sector of the Maginot Line where British troops

have been in direct contact with the enemy. His Majesty left the British zone on December 7, and thenceforward General Gamelin, the Allied C-in-C, decided that, for security reasons, all details of his movements should be withheld until the King's return. His Majesty made the journey back to England, as he had made the preceding journey to France, in a destroyer; but this time the weather was calm. He stayed on the bridge during the crossing.

"OFF HEAD-DRESS—THREE CHEERS FOR HIS MAJESTY THE KING!" THE ARMY'S TRADITIONAL SALUTE TO THE MONARCH.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST IN FRANCE, CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



A TYPICAL WELCOME GIVEN TO THE KING DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO THE TROOPS IN FRANCE—ITS ARDOUR UNDAMPED BY THE COLD MIST AND MUD: HIS MAJESTY, ONCE AGAIN SEEN IN FRANCE, ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF A BATTALION LINING THE NARROW ROAD BY STANDING AT THE SALUTE.

Concerning this drawing of His Majesty the King with his Army in France, Captain de Grineau, our special war artist, writes: "I was privileged to form one of the party who personally accompanied the King on his first inspection of his Army in France. His Majesty, with the Duke of Gloucester and Viscount Gort, the C-in-C, put in a very strenuous day and visited a wide area of the British sector. It was wet and foggy, but in spite of that the

King had a cheery smile all the time, and kept leaving his car to tramp up silvery paths and heavy muddy fields to inspect the tens of thousands of his soldiers, who lined their ranks and who heartily cheered him after he had passed down their ranks. The sketch is typical of him on the scenes as I saw them. His Majesty has just passed down the rigid ranks of a battalion lining the sides of a narrow road. As he reaches the end the

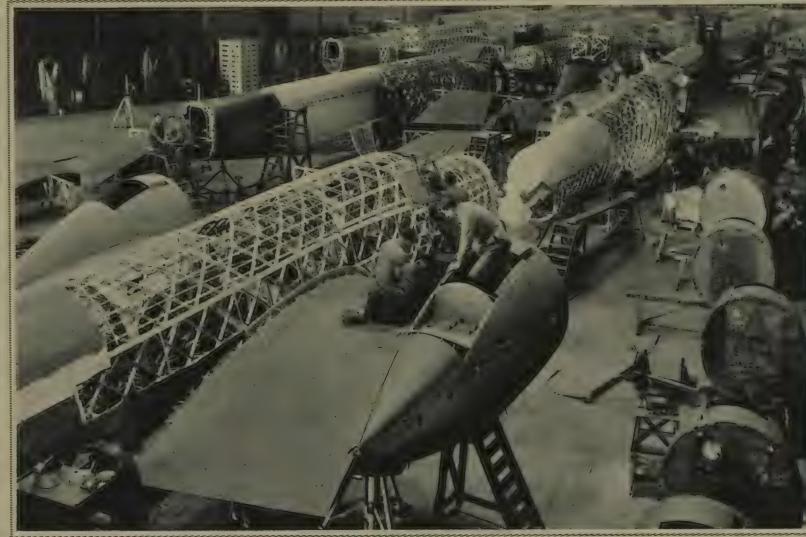
men give him 'three cheers.' The King turns and faces back down the line he has traversed and acknowledges their welcome with a smile on his face, while his troops wave their forage caps high in the air. The King is wearing, on this his first day, a trench coat, gas mask and lace-up boots. Troops were on parade everywhere, all smartly turned out, in spite of the weather. At the smallest cross-roads there was always a

guard of a few men who smartly presented arms as the King sped by. Our drawing shows the King in the centre, and behind him (left), the Duke of Gloucester, Chief Liaison Officer of the B.E.F. Beside his Majesty on the right are Viscount Gort, the Commander-in-Chief, and, behind him, General Sir John Dill, Commander of the First Corps; General Voruz, head of the French Mission attached to British G.H.Q., and Lieut-General Pownall, the C.O.S.

LONG VISTAS OF 'PLANES MOVING THROUGH BRITISH FACTORIES BETOKEN A HUGE EFFORT FOR AIR SUPREMACY.



INTENSIVE MANUFACTURE OF THE FASTEST MACHINE OF ITS KIND—A HIGH-SPEED TWIN-ENGINED BOMBER-FIGHTER OF GREAT STRIKING POWER AND POSSESSING THE ADVANTAGE OF READY ADAPTABILITY FOR MANY DIFFERENT DUTIES: BRISTOL "BLENHEIMS" UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT A SECRET WARTIME FACTORY. (P.N.A.)



GEODETIC CONSTRUCTION AT A WARTIME EXPANSION FACTORY: FUSELAGES OF THE "WELLINGTON" BOMBER, ONE OF THE MOST FORMIDABLE BOMBERS IN THE WORLD, WITH A RANGE OF 3200 MILES AT 180 M.P.H. WITH HEAVY BOMB-LOAD, ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE. (Keystone)



PRODUCED NOT ON THE "CHAIN-BELT" SYSTEM, BUT BY INTENSIVE INDIVIDUAL SKILLED WORKMANSHIP: A REMARKABLE PICTURE OF MASS MANUFACTURE OF AIRCRAFT ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN VERY LARGE NUMBERS—SHOWING BRISTOL "BLENHEIM" BOMBER-FIGHTERS IN VARIOUS STAGES OF CONSTRUCTION. (P.N.A.)



SUPERIOR TO ANY GERMAN MACHINE IN THE SAME CATEGORY, BOTH IN SPEED AND RANGE, AND NOW IN QUANTITY PRODUCTION FOR THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: WORKING ON THE WINGS OF ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH "WHITLEY" HEAVY BOMBERS, WELL DESIGNED FOR NIGHT FLYING AND CARRYING A NORMAL CREW OF FIVE. (P.N.A.)

The striking photographs reproduced on these pages will, we believe, come as a revelation to those of our readers who had not yet realised the immense effort Britain is making to ensure the overthrow of Nazism by achieving, in co-operation with the French, supremacy in the air. They were taken

recently by special permission of the Secretary of State for Air and show work in progress in a number of new wartime expansion factories in various parts of England. Long ago Sir Kingsley Wood announced that more than 3500 sub-contractors were engaged on aircraft work. "The total has increased

greatly since then," writes the Editor of *The Aeroplane*, "and that means not only that more aeroplanes of a given type can be built in normal times, but also that many firms in different places in the country are making the same parts and that the bombing of one factory will not necessarily mean

the complete interruption of the type of work on which it was engaged." The war has proved conclusively the high quality of British aeroplanes, which can meet the enemy bomber with confidence and can collect information on reconnaissance over the best-protected enemy bases without risk of serious loss.



A FRENCH OFFICER TAKING OBSERVATIONS OF ENEMY MOVEMENTS ACROSS THE RHINE, WHILE A POILU WITH A BANDAGED HAND AND WEARING CLOGS OVER HIS SHOES STANDS BEHIND, WITH TWO COMRADES NEAR BY



A BEARDED POILU, WEARING CLOGS AS A PROTECTION AGAINST ALSATIAN MUD, WATCHING THE GERMAN BANK THROUGH AN ARMY PERISCOPE—IN A "SINISTER CALM, BROKEN ONLY BY SPASMODIC FRENCH MACHINE-GUN FIRE."



BLOCKING THE FRENCH SIDE OF THE LAST GREAT BRIDGE SPANNING THE RHINE: PILL-BOXES AND BARBED WIRE SURROUNDING THE FORMER DOUANE (CENTRE) AT STRASBOURG; WITH CAMOUFLAGE NETS HUNG ON THE LEFT OF THE BRIDGE.

IN AND NEAR DESERTED STRASBOURG: WHERE HUNGRY PIGEONS PEOPLE A WARTIME "POMPEII."



IN A CITY "WAITING SILENT AND BREATHLESS FOR SHELLS THAT NEVER FALL": A GENDARME FEEDING PIGEONS IN THE PLACE KLÉBER IN EVACUATED STRASBOURG, WHOSE 200,000 INHABITANTS WERE EVACUATED IN SEPTEMBER.



WHERE HOUSES WITH DRAWN WHITE BLINDS DENOTE THE EVACUATION OF GERMAN OCCUPIERS: A VIEW, ACROSS FRENCH BARBED WIRE, OF THE RIGHT BANK OF THE RHINE, A "FRONT" FOR CHILDISH NAZI PROPAGANDA.



REMOVING PRECIOUS STAINED GLASS, DATING BACK TO THE MIDDLE AGES, FROM THE WINDOWS OF STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL—WITH A CELEBRATED ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK—FROM WHOSE 465-FT. TOWER GOETHE MASTERED HIS SUICIDE IMPULSE.

Strasbourg, within calling distance of German "pill-boxes," the historic city where the "Marseillaise" was born, the birthplace in more recent times of the French mystic, Père de Foucauld, and where one of Europe's loftiest cathedrals soars into the Alsatian sky, is now virtually a deserted "museum," its 200,000 inhabitants having been evacuated at the outbreak of war. A "Times" correspondent wrote recently of "this weird, deserted city, which waits silent and breathless for shells

that never fall," adding that if its citizens returned, they would find everything "exactly as they left it, for short of a bombardment the inviolability of Strasbourg has become a point of honour with the French Army." Above, pictures are also given of wartime scenes along the French bank in the vicinity of Strasbourg, where Goethe wrote his early work, "Wahrheit und Dichtung," and where Alsatian students after the last war rendered headless the University statue of the ex-Kaiser.



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NEW LIGHT ON PRÉ-HOMERIC MYCENÆ:

RECENT EXCAVATIONS REVEAL REMARKABLE POTTERY AND THE LOVELIEST MYCENÆAN IVORY EVER FOUND.

By PROFESSOR A. J. B. WACE, M.A., F.S.A., Director of the British Excavations at Mycenæ, 1939.
Photographs by Courtesy of the Author. (See Illustrations on succeeding pages.)

Ever since Schliemann's sensational discovery last century of the "Treasury" of Atreus and the royal Shaft Tombs, excavations have continued sporadically amid the fabulous Argolid ruins of Homer's "well-built" Mycenæ "abounding in gold"—one of the most ancient city sites in all Greece. In the appended article Professor Wace, who directed the original British excavations, describes new finds of the highest value yielded at Mycenæ during the resumed work this year of the British School at Athens. In a forthcoming issue a second article will be published, providing much important new information on the extra-mural Beehive Tomb, or "Treasury," of Atreus, whose portico pillars are preserved in the British Museum.

THIS summer it proved possible to resume the British excavations at Mycenæ, thanks to the generous support of Cambridge University, the British



1. THE ACROPOLIS SUMMIT AT MYCENÆ FROM THE NORTH-WEST—A SITE NOW PROVED TO HAVE BEEN CONTINUOUSLY USED FOR WORSHIP FROM PREHISTORIC TO ROMAN TIMES; SHOWING THE TERRACE WALL ON THE LEFT AT THE TOP. ABOVE THIS STOOD THE PALACE. THE MIDDLE BRONZE AGE WALL AND THE ROOMS WHERE THE IVORY GROUP WAS FOUND ARE ON THE ROCKY LEDGE AT THE FOOT OF THE TERRACE WALL.

School at Athens, and Mr. George Eumorfopoulos, Sir Charles Hyde, Mr. David Forbes, and other friends. The work began on July 12 and closed at the end of August with the shadow of war. Attention was specially directed to four points: the ruins of the Greek Temple on the summit of the citadel, the "House of Columns" below the palace to the east, an area just outside the Lion Gate on the west, and the "Treasury" of Atreus. The results from all were extremely satisfactory and yielded much new information of great value of the history and culture of Mycenæ.

THE TEMPLE.

The foundations of the temple, built in classical times over the ruins of the Mycenaean palace on the summit of the acropolis, were cleared, surveyed, and studied in detail. As they survive to-day, these foundations are not, as once believed, those of an early Doric temple with a peristyle, but of a small shrine—without peristyle—of the Hellenistic age, probably of the third century B.C., when Mycenæ was reoccupied as a dependency of Argos. Into the foundations were built blocks of soft limestone, some of which are cornice blocks from a building of the early sixth century. Many tiles, too, were found, and these date from three main periods, the early sixth century, the early classical period (late sixth to early fifth century), and the Hellenistic age.

Below the surface of the terrace at its north end we found much pottery, ranging from the tenth to the eighth centuries B.C. It consisted of the usual geometric ware and of a hand-made, unpainted buff ware with roughly incised patterns which, from its likeness to ornamental pottery in colour and decoration, was nicknamed "pie ware." So the Hellenistic temple was presumably the latest successor of a series of earlier sanctuaries which had stood here in archaic and early classical times before Argive jealousy destroyed Mycenæ.

THE MYCENÆAN SHRINE.

Unlike most Greek temples, which face east and west, the temple faced south and north. Underneath and by the side of its western foundations lie the ruins of

the shrine of the Mycenaean palace, which contained a series of painted stucco altars. This shrine faces south, and the temple, since it was built over the Mycenaean shrine, probably owes its unusual orientation to the fact that it is its successor. We thus have evidence that the summit of the acropolis was continuously used for worship from prehistoric to Roman times.

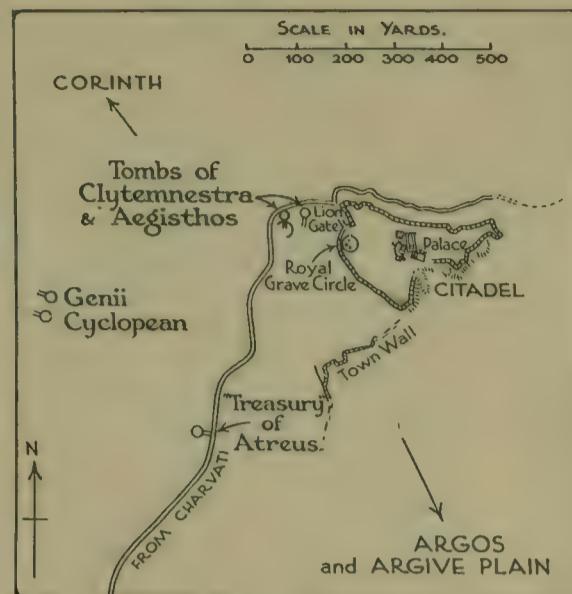
The area on which the temple stood is supported on the north by a massive terrace over three metres high, which may be an enlargement of an original Mycenaean terrace, on which lay the upper part of the palace. At the foot of the terrace the rock drops sharply to the north. Along the brink of the ledge thus formed runs part of a thick wall which, since behind it lie strata of the Middle Helladic Period, may be recognised as the fortification wall of the Middle Bronze Age. We cleared the rock ledge of the bushes of prickly oak that covered it, in the hope of finding a deposit of bronzes or terra-cottas from the temple above. No such votives came to light: but a great surprise awaited us, with finds of the first importance. In the ruins of two Mycenaean rooms was a rich deposit of precious objects.

THE IVORY GROUP.

First and foremost is a unique group in ivory (Fig. 6), carved completely in the round. It represents two sitting women, one with her arm round the other's neck. Before them stands a small boy at his mother's knee, and he caresses her right hand, which lies on his shoulder. One of the heads is lost, but the other is in brilliant condition, as is the

whole group generally. The dresses, jewellery, and coiffure are rendered with marvellous delicacy and detail. It is without doubt the finest ivory carving of Mycenaean date (probably about 1300 B.C.) yet found

in Greece, and in its style it recalls the famous ivories from Enkomi, in Cyprus, and those from Ras Shamra, in Syria, and from Megiddo. The manner of its carving, which is exquisite, and the charm of the subject and composition make this group, both artistically and archaeologically, of the highest value.



2. A PLAN OF MYCENÆ SHOWING THE CITADEL, WITH THE POSITION OF THE PALACE AND THE TOMB (OR SO-CALLED "TREASURY") OF ATREUS.

OTHER RELICS FROM THE SHRINE.

Next is the head of a statuette in painted plaster (Fig. 7), which is in excellent condition, though the paint has faded since its discovery. The hair and eyes are painted blue, and the lips, cheeks, and ears touched with red. Mycenaean sculpture of this kind is extremely rare. In addition there were several gold ornaments, a faience cylinder seal like those from Ras Shamra, beads of glass and faience, and a stone sword-pommel. The whole deposit, since it also included fragments of altars of painted stucco and terra-cotta figurines, perhaps originally belonged to the Mycenaean shrine above.

THE "HOUSE OF COLUMNS."

The "House of Columns" lies on a wide terrace on the eastern side of the acropolis, not far below the palace. It was excavated by Tsountas in 1895, but never published. This year we removed the weeds and fallen débris which encumbered it, and were able to prepare a provisional plan and to form some idea of its date. The house is extremely well built, with thresholds of hard conglomerate and thick walls founded on the rock. From the entrance a broad passage paved with cement leads into a colonnaded court, with five columns on the west and three on the east. On the north of the court a broad threshold opens from a porch with two large columns into a room facing south, which was probably the megaron. This megaron, a room adjoining it to the east, and the court were also paved with hard white cement.

To the south of the court and approached by a descending ramp is a large basement with several rooms. In one of them were the remains of a series of large store jars (Fig. 3), and in another the fragments of many big stirrup jars, two of which bear characters in the Mainland form of the Minoan script (Fig. 5).

They are similar to the inscribed stirrup jars found at Thebes, Tiryns, Orchomenos, Eleusis, and Mycenæ itself. Most of the walls of the basement show chases for the insertion of a wooden framework which projected upwards, as a bonding into a crude brick superstructure, according to the usual Mycenaean practice. These help to trace out the plan of the rooms on the floor above on the same level as the court and megaron.

[Continued on page 916.]

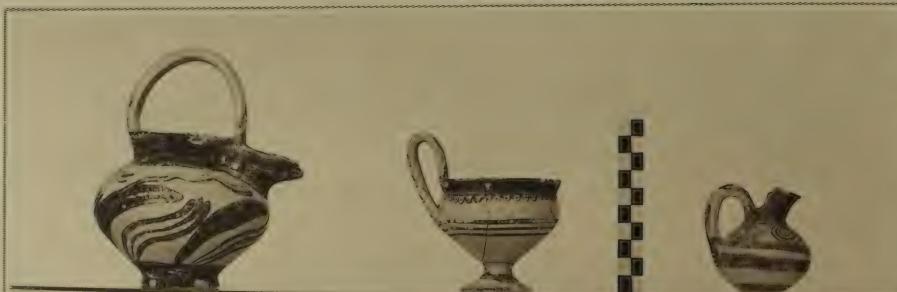


3. THE "HOUSE OF COLUMNS," BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY PROFESSOR WACE ON THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE ACROPOLIS, NOT FAR BELOW THE PALACE: THE REMAINS OF A ROOM WITH A SERIES OF LARGE STORE JARS.

Jars inscribed with the Mainland form of the Minoan script (one of which is illustrated in Fig. 5) were found in the basement of the "House of Columns."

RELICS OF A GREECE CENTURIES OLDER THAN HOMER—

INCLUDING THE LOVELIEST MYCENÆAN IVORY EVER FOUND.



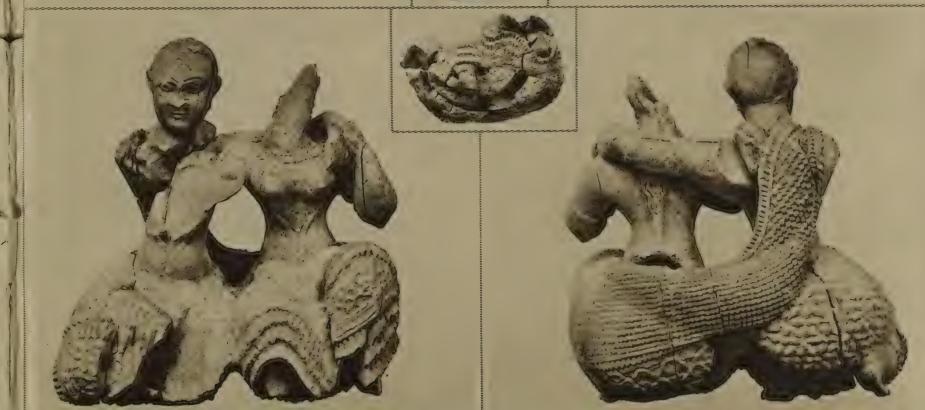
4. (ABOVE) A SET OF SEVEN VASES WHOSE PLASTIC GRACE AND HARMONIOUS PATTERNS HAVE SURVIVED THIRTY-FOUR CENTURIES INTACT; FOUND IN THE PRE-HISTORIC CEMETERY, TO THE WEST OF THE LION GATE.

5. (LEFT) A STIRRUP JAR INSCRIBED WITH THE MAINLAND FORM OF THE MINOAN SCRIPT: EVIDENCE OF CRETAN INFLUENCE, WHICH DID NOT, HOWEVER, DEVELOP EXTENSIVELY BEFORE THE LATE BRONZE AGE. SIMILARLY INSCRIBED JARS HAVE BEEN FOUND AT TIRYNS AND THEBES.

The dwellers in pre-Homeric Greece are known to us by a series of wonderful master-pieces of tantalising beauty—tantalising because, though we can appreciate their loveliness, we know so little of their makers. The ivory carving illustrated on the opposite page is the most lovely thing of its kind of the Mycenaean age yet found in Greece. It suggests comparisons with the famous ivories from Enkomi, in Cyprus,

Photographs supplied by Professor A. J. B. Wace. (See Article on Preceding Page.)

or those from Megiddo which were illustrated by us in 1937. It is quite different in feeling from the "action-carving" of the hunting griffins found in a Mycenaean royal tomb at Athens, and illustrated by us last July; its grace and humanity seem more akin to the Italian *quattrocento* than to any archaic period, and leave one wondering what manner of men they were who produced such a work of art.



6. THE LOVELIEST MYCENÆAN IVORY CARVING EVER FOUND IN GREECE: A UNIQUE GROUP OF TWO SEATED WOMEN AND A LITTLE BOY, OF ABOUT 1300 B.C. FOUND IN A RUIN BY A FORTIFICATION WALL ON THE N.W. SIDE OF THE ACROPOLIS AT MYCENÆ.

The ivory group is seen from different angles in the above photographs; that in the centre showing the base. The figure of the child has become detached and is shown separately (centre, above) from two angles. One woman has her arm round the neck of the other. The child stands at his mother's knee, with her right hand upon his shoulder. The details of the clothing are rendered with wonderful delicacy. The dress has something reminiscent of Victorian fashions about it. The group was found among the ruins of a re-built temple, of the palace shrine at Mycenæ.



7. THREE VIEWS OF THE HEAD OF A STATUETTE IN PAINTED PLASTER—AN EXTREMELY RARE PIECE OF MYCENÆAN SCULPTURE, IN EXCELLENT CONDITION AND WITH TRACES OF THE ORIGINAL COLOURING: RECOVERED FROM THE RUINS, BELOW A RE-BUILT TEMPLE, OF THE PALACE SHRIEVE AT MYCENÆ.

BRITISH WOMANHOOD, ROYAL AND SIMPLE, IN WARTIME ; AN AERIAL LIFEBOAT IN AMERICA ; AND OTHER TOPICS.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EVACUATED CHILDREN IN WEST SUSSEX: HER MAJESTY TALKING TO CHILDREN BILLETED AT STANSTED HOUSE, ROWLAND CASTLE, WHERE SHE STAYED THE NIGHT.



THE QUEEN TALKING TO A VOLUNTARY WORKER AT BOSHAM DURING A SECOND VISIT TO SUSSEX EVACUATION CENTRES.

The Queen visited West Sussex on December 7 and inspected various branches of the work of the Women's Voluntary Services for Civil Defence, staying the night with Lord and Lady Bessborough at Stansted House, Rowland Castle. In the Assembly Rooms at Chichester her Majesty partook of a threepenny lunch with 264 children evacuated from South London. (Keystone.)



TURNING WASTE PAPER INTO CARDBOARD: UNLOADING A CONSIGNMENT FOR TREATMENT AT A LONDON WHARF.

The Salvage Department organised by the Ministry of Supply, with Mr. H. G. Judd as Controller, ensures that the greatest possible use is made of waste products. Our picture shows some of the thousands of tons of waste paper being unloaded at a Thames-side wharf to be repulped and made into cardboard. Co-operating with the Department are the Ministries of Food and Agriculture. (Topical.)



A U.S. EXPERIMENT IN SEA RESCUE BY AIRSHIP: A RUBBER "LIFE-RAFT" BEING HAULED ALOFT.

A new method of effecting sea rescue was demonstrated recently off the New Jersey coast by naval airships from Lakehurst. The "blimp" is anchored by means of a circular metal disc dropped from the aircraft by cable and a ballast bag containing a thousand pounds of water. A rubber "life-raft" is then lowered, in which a rescue may be effected. (Planet.)



SERVING AS LABORATORIES AS WELL AS A.R.P. VAULTS: DERBYSHIRE CAVES WHERE £15,000 OF RADIUM IS STORED.

£15,000 worth of radium has been stored in Derbyshire caverns by the Christie Cancer Hospital, and Holt Radium Institute. These caves serve also as laboratories, and in them radium specialists carry out the complicated process of extracting radon gas. This gives off three rays—one extremely harmful; precautions are therefore taken to protect the worker when handling the gas. (Fox.)



THE FIRST DETACHMENT OF THE WOMEN'S MECHANISED TRANSPORT TO GO ABROAD: WOMEN DRIVERS DETAILED FOR SERVICE IN FRANCE STUDYING MAPS.

Not the least remarkable aspect of the reaction in Britain to the onset of war was the splendid response for wartime work given by the nation's womanhood. In our issue of September 9 we published a page of illustrations of women ambulance drivers, of which 13,000 were needed, undergoing training. Above, the first detachment of members of the Women's Mechanised Transport to be sent overseas are seen at their London headquarters studying maps of France. (Fox.)



WOMEN WARTIME BUS AND TRAM CONDUCTORS FOR BIRMINGHAM: GIRL CONDUCTORS, WEARING NEW DARK-BLUE UNIFORMS, LEARNING TO PUNCH TICKETS.

In Birmingham the first women bus and tram conductors to be engaged for wartime work have been receiving instruction in their new duties. Above, six of the first batch of twenty are seen learning to punch tickets correctly. Six sessions daily are given at the Transport Department Conductors' School to enable them to learn the necessary regulations, fare stages, and schedules. They are to be paid the same rate of wages as men—three pounds a week. (Keystone.)

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SEARCHLIGHTS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

LARGE numbers of my fellow-men are chafing under the unwelcome truth that we are too old to be of any real help to our country in these days of turmoil.



FIG. 1. A DISTANT RELATION OF THE HERRING, LIVING IN THE UPPER REGIONS OF THE ABYSSES AND SHOWING ROWS OF LAMPS ALONG THE BODY LIKE A LINER, WITH A BRANCHED BARBEL HANGING FROM THE LIP OF THE LOWER JAW BELIEVED, ALSO, TO BE LUMINOUS: THE STOMIAS ATLANTICUS, SHOWING THE RELATIVELY LARGE EYE.

A dweller in the upper regions of the ocean abysses, where just a glimmering light may reach it. The body bears a double row of "lamps." The barbel at the chin is trifid, and serves as a tactile organ. Found at a depth of 300 fathoms.

Photograph by W. G. Kennings-Kilbourn.

But there is no use in sapping the store of energy even now at our command in vain laments. This can profit no one, and lessens any chances of being useful that may come our way. With this possibility always in mind, let us give ourselves up to the enjoyment of "cosy evenings" by the fireside. Out of doors, after dark, we are a danger to ourselves and all who perchance must be abroad. We must ensure that no ray of light escapes from our windows for the guidance of our enemies on mischief bent. It is, indeed, of vital importance to observe the conditions of the black-out imposed upon us.

But there are lights which are not merely permissible, but of vital importance to us all. And these are the searchlights, to be seen, almost everywhere, after nightfall. Their immensely powerful beams, sweeping across the sky, assure us that everything possible is being done by our tireless guardians to ensure our safety. Experiments are being made, I am told, by Hitler's henchmen, to test the value of coloured beams of light, which may, apparently, prove more efficient in cloudy weather than white beams. This is a possibility, we may be very sure, that our guardians will carefully explore.

The searchlight is among the latest of man's inventions. But among "the beasts that perish" they have been in use for millions of years. Moreover, they have, so to speak, solved the problem of producing light without heat. From the lowliest of living organisms in the animal world up to, and including, the fishes, we find this power of producing light during the hours of darkness in astonishingly different ways, and in varying degrees of intensity. And we find it also in many lowly plants, among which we must include bacteria. In all these instances, however, this light is of the kind known as "phosphorescent." These light-producing powers may invest the whole body in the simpler types. Generally they are confined to special organs charged with this function alone. So long is the list of these light-producers that it is no easy task to select instances.

In most of these one can find what we may call a "reason" for this luminescence. But in many cases this is impossible. Among the simplest of living organisms, for example, we find the microscopic *Noctiluca*, which at times, at night, makes the sea seem aglow with fire. What advantage can these living lamps derive from this power? And the same is true of some starfishes. Much higher in the scale we find that there is a British centipede (*Geophilus electricus*), not uncommon in Cambridgeshire and Epping Forest, which not only emits a bright light, but leaves a trail of light behind it or on the fingers when handled.

Here it may serve as a guide during nocturnal rambles in search of a mate! This is apparently its function in our glow-worm (*Lampyris noctiluca*), wherein the wingless female, during summer evenings, emits at short intervals a vivid ray of light from special organs on the side of the abdomen. These are "flash-light" signals to catch the eye of wandering males seeking a mate. He also can emit light, but of a very feeble character. The nearly-related fireflies, which hold high revels in mid-air, sparkling with lights of many colours, are world-famous. These splendours are reserved till after sunset, but both sexes are luminous. The centipede

Stomias atlanticus (Fig. 1), for example, living in the upper region of the abysses, shows rows of lamps along the body, like a liner, and it has a branched barbel hanging from the lip of the lower jaw which is also, I believe, luminous.

The deep-sea anglers live at great depths, but still in mid-water and not on the sea-floor, as in the angler of our seas. The body is round, and the mouth of great size, armed with a formidable array of teeth. But just at the end of the snout is a luminous bulb on a long stalk, as in *Melanocetus johnsoni* (Fig. 3). This probably serves as a lure. Its prey may be irresistibly attracted to this light, as moths to the light of a candle. Still more remarkable is the angler-fish (*Linophryne arborifera*), which carries a similar, but much larger and more powerful bulb on the snout, surmounted by a trifid "feeler." These are supplemented by a long and much-branched barbel, which seems to serve both as a light-producing mechanism and as a "feeler." All the deep-sea anglers have an enormous stomach, enabling them to swallow fishes larger than themselves. Hence they need to feed only at long intervals.

While in some of these luminous fishes the light may, as I have said, serve as a lure, in others, as in the fish known as the "Grenadier" (one of the cod-tribe), taken in large numbers off the coast of Ireland at a depth of over 150 fathoms, there is a remarkable gland between the pelvic fins which can suddenly emit a powerful flood of light. And it is suggested that this dazzles and confuses its enemies, thus serving as the ink-cloud of the cuttle-fish. No satisfactory explanation, however, of these light-producing organs has yet been found.

For though they attain to their highest development in the deep-sea fishes, there are many surface swimmers which have luminous organs. It is generally considered that these fishes, living in the regions of eternal night, use their "lamps" to discover their prey. But this same light, it must be remembered, also serves to reveal the hunter to larger, and hungry enemies!

Among the surface-swimmers, the common haddock is said by some to be luminous, and one of the toad-fishes (*Porichthys*), or "singing-fish," carries no fewer than 700 "lamps" on its head and body. Again, the bummalow, or "Bombay-duck" of the Indian Ocean, is brilliantly phosphorescent all over when freshly caught, being covered with a luminous slime, enabling it to dispense with special light-producing organs. Finally, something must be said of the eyes of these luminous fishes. Generally they are large. But in *Styloophthalmus paradoxus* and *Opistophrocta soleatus* they project from the head as a pair of large tubes, recalling watch-makers' lenses. In the first-named fish they are directed forwards, and in the last directly upwards.



FIG. 2. TWO DEEP-SEA PRAWNS WHICH EXPEL FROM GLANDS AT THE BASE OF THE ANTENNAE A CLOUD OF GLOWING LIGHT OF SUFFICIENT INTENSITY TO ILLUMINATE IN CLEAREST DETAIL THE CONTENTS OF A BUCKET OF SEA-WATER! THE LUMINESCENT ARISTAEUS (UPPER) AND HETEROCARPUS (LOWER), FOUND OFF THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS.

These prawns haunt the Bay of Bengal, at a depth of 500 fathoms, a region of eternal night. They are remarkable for the fact that their luminescence is emitted not as a light emanating from the surface of the body, but in the form of a cloud of phosphorescent particles expelled from special glands at the bases of the antennae.

just referred to, which leaves a trail of phosphorescent light behind it, is far outdone by two deep-sea prawns (Fig. 2), taken off the Andaman Islands, which expel from glands at the base of the antennae a cloud of glowing light of sufficient intensity, the late Colonel Alcock tells us, to illuminate a bucket of sea-water so that all its contents were visible in the clearest detail. But what function it serves is unknown. They live in the Indian Ocean at a depth of 500 fathoms, a region of eternal night. It is, indeed, "a thick darkness which might be felt"!

It is, however, among the fishes that we find the most amazing of those creatures which give light in dark places, for all are deep-sea forms. Some of the Ceratoids, or free-swimming angler-fishes, have luminous teeth, wherein they may be said to "welcome little fishes in, with gently smiling jaws." That is to say, they are "lures" to attract the unwary! Up to the present, no one has been able to find a satisfactory explanation. Others carry lights on various parts of their bodies.

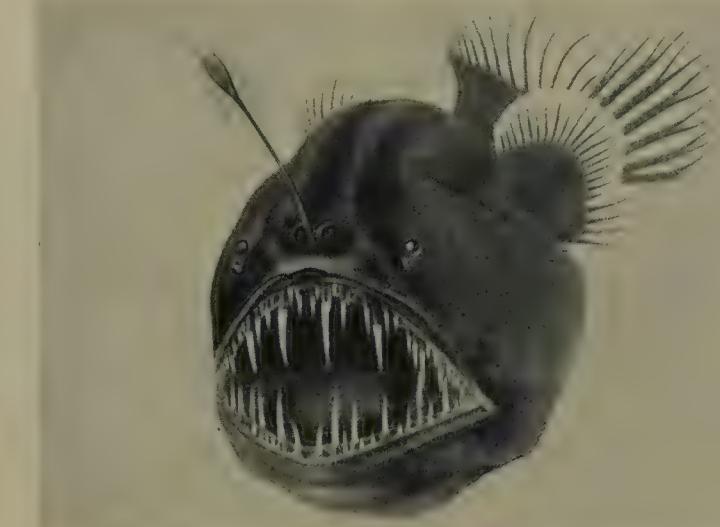


FIG. 3. WITH ROUND BODY AND MOUTH OF GREAT SIZE, ARMED WITH A FORTIDABLE ARRAY OF TEETH, AND WITH A LUMINOUS BULB ON A LONG STALK AT THE END OF THE SNOUT, PROBABLY SERVING AS A LURE: THE MELANOCECUS JOHNSONI, ONE OF THE DEEP-SEA ANGLER-FISHES.

Found at a depth of 700 fathoms. This fish attracts its prey by means of a "lure"—a glowing lamp borne at the tip of a transformed fin-ray, answering to the "lure" of the angler-fish of our coasts, which bears a membranous "flag" in place of a lamp.

The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

PAST AND PRESENT PLEASURES.

WITH pantomime everywhere in preparation, one naturally looks back to old delights as well as forward to the new ones. Looming large among the pantomimic joys of yesterday was the use of the "trap" whereby the Demon King used to be precipitated into the air with a minor explosion and a

connected with the less exhausting and hazardous exercise of the Lambeth Walk, which, incidentally, has been performed during a two years' run (or, rather, walk) at the Victoria Palace, despite all the difficulties of the time. I remember seeing Mr. Lane in a pantomime at the Dominion Theatre not long ago, in which he went plunging through all manner of obstacles and gave delirious delight to the young. But one cannot be a tumbler, which really means a person who does not actually tumble, all one's life. Acrobatics into "Anno domini" won't go.

A greater leaper and tumbler today is Mr. Richard Hearne whom you may see this winter in "Shepherd's Pie," at the Prince's. Mr. Leslie Henson rescued Mr. Hearne from being an acrobat solely and brought out his great gifts as a comedian in the Gaiety musical shows. Now he is with those great drolls, Sydney Howard and Arthur Riscoe, and renewing that lovely capering burlesque of an enthusiastic old gentleman doing the lancers. Mr. Hearne is always ready to improve a sketch by proving himself collapsible. I must confess that, even with advancing years, which might imply more sober tastes, I still adore good crashing and bashing, though I certainly do not want to see anybody hurt or even in risk of calamity. There is an absolutely first-class turn of this kind in the Palladium Revue, "The Little Dog Laughed." This is provided by some tumblers of genius who arrive as building labourers and reveal to us the wilder possibilities of structural demolition and personal collapse.

The heroes of my childhood were the Brothers Egbert, who called themselves the Happy Dustmen and did tremendous feats of self-projection through the air and of mutual battery. That is a kind of fun which will never die out and Pantomime this winter will not forget the fact.

Another point, of which Miss Fairbrother's book as well as present playgoing reminds me, is the decay in the art of "make-up." By that it is not meant that modern theatrical workers are incapable of the art, but simply that they need it far less. Our naturalistic theatre demands natural acting and natural appearance. Great character-parts, twice as large as life and at least "tuppence" or even sixpence coloured, are no longer written or performed, at least, on any great scale. Accordingly those feats of facial disguise, in which actors like Sir Herbert Tree used to excel, are comparatively rare. One thinks mainly of Sir Cedric Hardwicke's wonderful creations of "gaffer" parts as the current examples of capital "make-up" as well as of capital miming. Thirty years ago one of the recurrent excitements of the playgoer was to see how Tree would refashion his face from a Svengali to a Newcombe, from a Shylock to a Peggotty, from Greek to Roman and both to Israel. We have no comparable experience nowadays, for there is so much less of "costume and character" now.

THE "LEADS" IN THE FIRST NEW OPERA PRODUCTION GIVEN SINCE THE WAR: THE OTHELLO (JOHN WRIGHT) AND DESDEMONA (JOAN CROSS); AT SADLER'S WELLS.

The new production of Verdi's "Othello" was first given before a large audience at Sadler's Wells on December 7, and is to be given again on December 30 in the afternoon. John Wright is a newcomer to the rôle of Othello; his commanding presence and sonorous voice afford him considerable opportunities in the part. Joan Cross's familiar Desdemona roused the audience to great enthusiasm.

shower of sparks. Do Demon Kings make their arrival now in a manner so likely to enthrall the young idea? I fancy not. If so, the easier and safer for the Demon, who once had to be a skilled acrobat and now need not be anything so audacious. Miss Sydney Fairbrother, in her charming book of reminiscences, "Through An Old Stage Door," which has just been published, describes the ampler pantomimes of her early days (she herself was working in pantomime for a pound a week at the age of seven), and she recounts the functions of the Demon King thus: "The actor standing on the lower platform was catapulted through the star-trap four or five feet into the air, this height being exaggerated to the eye by the drawing-up of the actor's legs—very much as exhibition dancers do now—as the spring was made. It was a dangerous leap, for, if the stage-hand responsible for shooting the bolts under the star did not do it in time, that was the end of star-work for the Demon King. Accidents did happen. . . ."

Well, ours is a gentler world, not internationally, alas, but at least in the theatre. We do not want our Demon Kings to be crippled and we can do without sensational additions to the pleasures of pantomime, if they involve serious risk. I have never much enjoyed the spectacle of Dick Whittington's Cat running round on the rim of the dress-circle, as he is annually expected to do in the interval, but I suppose he is really safe. At any rate, one never hears of a crash, and one hopes never to do so, for such a disaster would be equally unpleasant for the Cat and for the party in the stalls on whom he descended, as boxes of chocolates, hats, and programmes occasionally, and less menacingly, do.

The great "trap" artist of our time has been Mr. Lupino Lane, whose name is now so closely

The classics do still provide a few opportunities, and a Shakespearean actor ought to have some fun with his "make-up" box. But here again we are brought up against modernity. Go to "Julius Cæsar," at the Embassy Theatre, and you will find it played in contemporary, if tactfully vague, uniforms as a tragedy occurring in a modern totalitarian State in which all the players are doing their best to resemble the types you would meet to-day in any Continental railway train. In this respect we have returned to the habits of the eighteenth century, whose stagecraft dressed Shakespeare in the silks and wigs of its own period and consequently did not bother with make-up. Garrick's Macbeth was a gentleman of the Age of Reason, with a perruque and a sword. The antiquarian romanticism of the nineteenth century altered all that. Shakespeare's plays were put into their own period, whether of Rome or ancient Britain or the Middle Ages, with an ever-increasing desire to be both historically accurate and romantically picturesque. That process reached its climax under Irving and Tree, whose reactions to a "Julius Cæsar" in plain clothes and uniforms of to-day it would be amusing to overhear.

There is an anecdote about Irving's comment on Tree's production of "Julius Cæsar." When the great Beerbohm anxiously inquired what the great Sir Henry thought of it, the latter murmured, "Lot of blood, Tree. Lot of blood." To-day he would have to substitute, "Lot of bowlers." Bowlers civil and bowlers "battle" now predominate in a stage-version of the ancient Roman world. Under such headgear the faces must look as modern as possible, too. Sometimes in the films the actor has a chance to use fantastic "make-up" and seek wild and wonderful effects; but otherwise he has to wait for parts like the ogre in the pantomime or Caliban in "The Tempest." Fortunately, nobody has yet put "The Tempest" into modern dress and presented Prospero as an out-of-work conjuror. But that may come.



CINDERELLA IN TOPICAL AND ORIGINAL DRESS AT THE WHITEHALL, WHERE "WHO'S TAKING LIBERTY?" OPENED ON DECEMBER 6: LIBERTY (DOROTHY HYSON; LEFT) AND THE PRINCE CHARMING (MARGARETTA SCOTT) WHO RESCUES HER FROM HER TOTALITARIAN UGLY SISTERS.

Miss Pamela Frankau's stimulating version of Liberty in Cinderella's tattered dress menaced by her "dictating and totalitarian" Ugly Sisters (Messrs. Reginald Purcell and Frederick Burtwell), contains many amusing and pointed jokes. The music, by Mischa Spoliansky, is lively, and there are some pretty ballets by Wendy Toye. Leslie French, the producer, appears in an amusing sketch of an absent-minded and errant stage-hand.

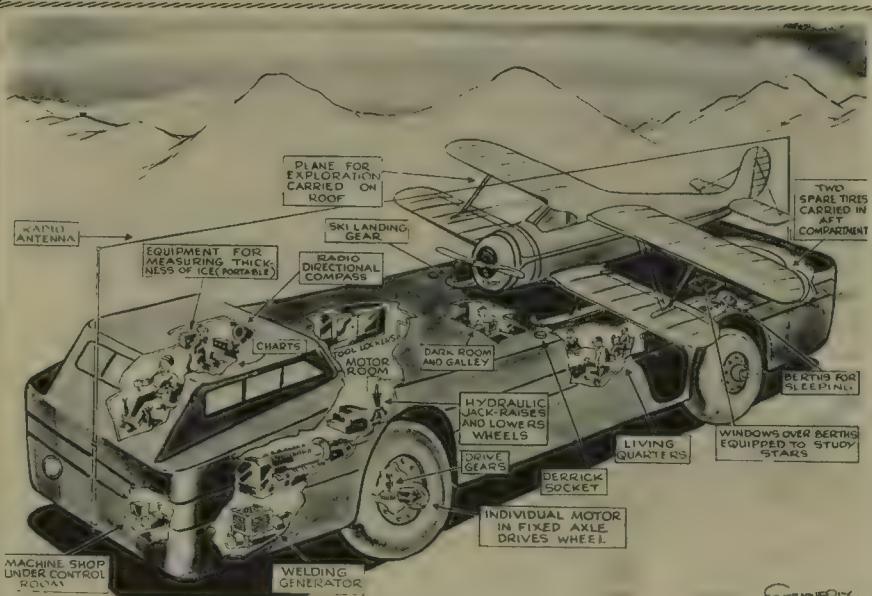
ADMIRAL BYRD RETURNS TO THE ANTARCTIC: A U.S. GOVERNMENT EXPEDITION WITH A £30,000 "SNOW-CRUISER."



A GIGANTIC "SNOW-CRUISER" FOR USE IN THE ANTARCTIC WASTES BY THE THIRD BYRD EXPEDITION, TAKEN APART TO ENABLE IT TO BE SHIPPED: SHOWING THE TAIL SECTION—TO BE RE-WELDED AT THE DESTINATION—CUT AWAY BEFORE DESPATCH, AND ESKIMO SLED-DOGS IN FOREGROUND.



LIKE A SCENE FROM A MODERN "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS": A GIRL PHOTOGRAPHED BESIDE THE BROBDDINGNACIAN WHEELS OF THE HUGE "SNOW-CRUISER."



THE 27-TON POLAR "SNOW-CRUISER," DESIGNED BY DR. THOMAS POULTER FOR ADMIRAL BYRD; AND COSTING OVER £30,000: A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ELABORATE INTERIOR EQUIPMENT AND THE AEROPLANE CARRIED.



THE POLAR EXPLORATION VEHICLE CONSTRUCTED FOR THE THIRD BYRD EXPEDITION TO ANTARCTICA, RUNS ON HUGE BALLOON TYRES AND ATTAINED SPEEDS OF 16-20 M.P.H. ON TESTS.



THE SUPPLY SHIP "NORTH STAR," OF THE EXPEDITION LED BY REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD BYRD, WHICH SAILED FOR SOUTH POLAR REGIONS FROM BOSTON ON NOVEMBER 15; WITH THE "CRUISER" ON BOARD.



THE U.S. GOVERNMENT'S ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION, WHICH ADMIRAL BYRD IS LEADING, IS MAGNIFICENTLY EQUIPPED: HERE IS THE SECOND SUPPLY SHIP, "BEAR OF OAKLAND," LEAVING EAST BOSTON IN A SNOW-STORM.

Commissioned by the U.S. Government to claim for the United States an unspecified land lying within the Western Hemisphere—regarded as having, apart from mineral and meteorological advantages, great potential value as a site for air bases—Admiral Byrd, accompanied by about seventy men, has sailed again on a long-projected third voyage to Antarctica, to establish two other bases, in addition to Little America, on the Bay of Whales. The First Byrd Expedition to Antarctica took place in 1928-30. He made the first flight to the South Pole in 1929. The new expedition left Boston last month in the "Bear of Oakland"—used by Admiral

Byrd in his 1935 expedition—and the U.S. cutter "North Star," which, it is understood, will be augmented by the coastguard cutter "Northland." Twenty-two men will be left at each base, with provisions for a year, after which reliefs will take place. Among the equipment is the "snow-cruiser" illustrated here. The view is officially held that the claiming and settlement of Antarctic territory is fully within the sphere of the Monroe Doctrine, islands in the Pacific and Polar regions having always been understood to be exceptions to the theoretical position taken up by the United States that she does not seek additional territory. (Wide World and Keystone.)

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY" comes from Welsh Wales. That is so much the most important thing about it that I wonder what to say next. It is an extremely long novel. It has not much plot; only a great variety of scenes, with a certain air of plot. It is full of loose ends, and promises that come to nothing. For instance: in his old age, Huw Morgan, the narrator, has decided to leave the valley where he was born. That is the starting-point, and apropos of that he reviews his life. Of course, you expect to find out later why he is going, and what sort of crisis has decided him. But no—he stops abruptly with the death of his father in a pit accident. His tale is only half-done, but I suppose he thought it was long enough.

The love-affairs, the valley's slow decline in prosperity, the fight for a Union, all are handled in the same way. Every now and then they provide a scene—but there is no development, no climax. And the characters exist for the scenes; though not exactly unreal, they have not much individual life. Family traits do appear. The elder Morgan boys have certainly a great deal in common; they are all aggressive, dour and self-righteous—or, if you like, they are all fearless and intelligent crusaders in a just cause. The trouble is that they have everything in common, except their names.

But all defects of this kind are lost in a flood of language and invention. I can't think of any possible scene that has been left out. The home, the school, the pit, the chapel, the mountain-side are featured in turn. Courtships, marriages and births, junketings and strikes, feuds and fistcuffs are crowded on every page. Off-hand, I remember a football match, a prize-fight, a flooded mine, a theft, a lynching, a scene or two in court, a mad scene—even a shopping expedition, described with as much gusto and spiritual fervour as the most dire event. There are no degrees of emphasis; everything is related in the same tone, and all in a special dialect, quaint, copious, and floridly poetic. It is the style that carries the book. Physical sensations, and emotions in their physical aspect, are almost too well conveyed; you feel a something lush and overheated about this eloquence. And it goes rather ill with the snug, Old-Testament, jaw-smashing morality. Every good man in the book, even the saintly Mr. Gruffydd, is an apostle of violence; in fact, Mr. Gruffydd presides over the lynching, which is almost nastier than the crime avenged. These people have their dark side, and very dark it is. But against it we have to reckon their abundance of life, their mental energy, their zeal for education and improvement, their love of song. I don't think Huw's poetic style is first-rate. But in an English working man it would be phenomenal; he would no more dream of attempting it than he would call his children Gareth and Taliessin.

Now for a complete change. "What's in it for Me?" takes us to America, and belongs, as you may guess, to the slick-and-tough school. It is a continuation of the author's first novel, "I Can Get it for You Wholesale," but it stands quite firmly on its own legs. The narrator, Harry Bogen, is a "smart guy": the smartest guy in New York—in America—probably in existence. He thinks no end of himself; he lives in a perpetual transport of jubilation at his own cleverness. Already it has promoted him from a humble clerkship and the Bronx to a swell apartment and the acknowledged, ostentatious possession of Martha Mills. A slight mishap in the "dress business" (for which his partner went to gaol) has put him out of action for the time, but now he means to start work again. His object is to "make a killing," and then decamp to fresh fields.

For to the great Mr. Bogen, shadiness is another word for smartness. The honest, like Murray Heimowitz, whom he used to know at home, are "poor saps." Indeed, the world is peopled by saps, and it is the natural function of the Bogens to do them down.

So he gets to work on those lines. But there are complications. First, there is his old mother. He cares for no one else on earth, but he loves his mother, admires her, even fears her. And she persists in wanting him to be a "poor sap." And she complains of his neglect—as though he had time for visiting! Then he has to keep an eye on Martha Mills. Of course, she's not worth it, and he would be delighted to throw her out, but no one else must have her. And then the business. So many people to deceive,

and so little time. Who but the smart Mr. Bogen could get away with it?

The balls spin faster and faster—and then they all come down together with a great crash. What is the ingenious Mr. Bogen going to do now?

This book is rather too long. The hero never stops indulging in mental wisecracks, and he has the wit of a schoolboy; you can't dislike him, but (though he is amusing at times) you often wish that he would shut up. The action, too, is repetitive. But it gathers speed towards the end, and there is always an illusion of speed. With a little cutting, "What's in it for Me?" would be a first-rate example of its type.

With "Polonaise," again, we are on foreign ground. Cas's parents are being divorced; his mother is to keep the two little girls, but Cas will choose for himself. He doesn't want to choose, and has always hated managing his own

The next novel is by a Pole. Only it isn't a novel, but an account of the Olympic Games in the year 476 B.C. Don't begin with the idea that something is going to happen. It never does; there is absolutely no story. What you must expect is a re-creation—a formal, classic re-creation—of ancient Greece: a vision of its body and soul. The Games are the centre, and the incarnation of the Games is young Sotion, the Athletic Ideal. But Sotion does not win the wreath. His time is nearly past; he loses to Ikkos, the professional, the man of the future. Henceforth, there will be no true athletes, only coddled record-breaking phenomena, whose strength is "useless for life"—a race of "giant children."

But that theme is only a thread in the book. I haven't space even to suggest its learning, richness of detail, and imaginative power. Of course, it is not for every reader, but those who like it will think it should have headed the list. The translation, by the way, is nearly perfect.

David, Mr. Aldington's hero, is a "war bastard." That strikes the old-fashioned note at once. His father was above his mother in rank—indeed, a baronet's heir; and the author seems to think he should be pensioned by the Government. But what for? Though bookish, he has no great talent—not more than thousands of other youths. The law denies him a baronetcy and a huge fortune—but that is not such very hard luck. He says he's "paying for the war," but, as a matter of fact, he owes his existence to the war. No; I'm afraid one can't take him seriously. The other characters are few and dim, and the plot has an adolescent thinness and unlikelihood which is strange from a writer of such long standing. But there is a good deal of charm in Mr. Aldington's irresponsibility, and his boyish readiness to hit out all round.

How David would despise Barney Crane—the prize-fighter and "K.O. crooner" in "Not a Sparrow Falls." They start on much the same level, and they both rise, David by luck, Barney through his own exertions. But while David only finds the world is not worthy of him, Barney meets intelligent and decent people at every stage. He is a decent fellow himself—kind, cheerful and resourceful, and far from stupid. After "Rejected Guest," this book seems packed with reality and serious thinking. Its theme—the intrusion of world politics into the life of the ordinary man—is its weakest part.

"Gestapo Trial" is said to be a true story. A policeman falls in love with a girl in a baker's shop. When she turns him down he denounces her and two of her admirers as Communists. Though, of course, there is not a shadow of proof, his lie immediately becomes "the important Wegner case." At last the strain is too much for him and he recants, though not until the three suspects have been tortured for weeks. But don't suppose things end happily. They end in ruin for all concerned, including the baker and the girl's parents—who were not even suspected.

After "the important Wegner case," "Congratulate the Devil" seems strangely mild. Quite by chance, a scientist comes across a drug which enables him, at short range, to command the will. He becomes an addict, and very soon a public danger. Then the pills get into good hands—and the effect is even worse. Mr. Marvell always writes with distinction, and his present thriller is up to standard.

Miss J. Bell has returned to old ground—St. Edmund's Hospital—and with the very best result. Her crimes are lifelike, and her medical debates are absorbing. For psychological reasons you are almost bound to spot the criminal, but it doesn't matter.

"Sudden Silence"—the murder of a dance-band leader—is American, with a dash of farce, a fair amount of detection, the usual bullying, thick-headed cop, and a love-affair of the kiss-and-scratch type. Quite lively. K. J.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

How Green Was My Valley. By Richard Llewellyn. (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.)

What's in it for Me? By Jerome Weidman. (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.)

Polonaise. By Martin Häre. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

The Olympic Discus. By Jan Paradowski. (Minerva Press; 7s. 6d.)

Rejected Guest. By Richard Aldington. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

Not a Sparrow Falls. By Neil Bell. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

Gestapo Trial. By Jan Petersen. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

Congratulate the Devil. By Andrew Marvell. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

From Natural Causes. By Josephine Bell. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)

Sudden Silence. By Cortland Fitzsimmons. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)



A POLISH WAR-VESSEL WHOSE EXPLOITS IN ESCAPING RUSSO-GERMAN CLUTCHES BEFORE MAKING A BRITISH LANDFALL WERE RECENTLY REVEALED: THE SUBMARINE "ORZEL" (1110 TONS), NOW SERVING WITH THE BRITISH FLEET.

After escaping from Tallinn, where she had put in for repairs, and to land her sick captain, the "Orzel" was hunted by Soviet warships. After cruising for weeks, she crept out of the Baltic and through the Skagerrack, narrowly escaping the attentions of three German destroyers. Her commander was recently decorated with the Polish Virtuti Militari Order and Cross for Valour.



TWO POLISH DESTROYERS WHICH ESCAPED THE SOVIET AND GERMAN BALTIC FLEETS, AND ARE NOW ON WAR SERVICE WITH BRITAIN'S NAVAL FORCES, PHOTOGRAPHED RIDING AT ANCHOR IN A NORTHERN PORT.

Three out of Poland's four destroyers got away after the fall of Gdynia, and are now co-operating on active service with the British Navy. With the Polish submarine "Orzel," they have rendered signal aid in patrol work and the rescue of survivors from mined and torpedoed ships, and on November 17 twenty officers and men were decorated at a Scottish port by General Sikorski, the Polish Prime Minister.

life—but Mrs. Dovemount is highly civilised. Mr. Dovemount, whose grandfather was a Pole, is less civilised, but conceals the fact. So poor Cas is left with the idea that nobody wants him.

Meanwhile, all three children are sent to Poland, on a visit to their father's friend, Mr. Rey. The Reys live in the Summer Palace at Warsaw—of all romantic spots. And Cas is told about his great-grandfather; he learns of his "other country's" fight against oppression, and its heroic past. Not surprisingly, he falls in love with Poland, and decides to stay there for ever—since he is a nuisance at home.

But, of course, his parents do want him. They even want each other, and find it out, through Cas, at the eleventh hour. "Polonaise" is a most charming novel, but scrappy. The Dovemount scenes, the lovely descriptions of the Palace, and the fragments of Polish life and history don't cohere. And the author writes too much as a partisan. But she writes very gracefully indeed.

“Say when....”



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By HAROLD NOCKOLDS.

TO most of us, it seems a far cry from the days when we took our cars abroad for holidays and long stays in the more clement parts of Europe. Nowadays a hundred-and-one things stand in the way of our indulging this enjoyable fancy, ranging from actual service of one sort or another to a natural reluctance to stray too far from home in case the war in the West should really begin.

But as time goes on, and hostilities seem to be confined to the sea and air, some people with no ties to keep them in the fogs of an English winter are going ahead with their usual plans of migrating with their cars to the Riviera. A small but steady stream of these fortunate motorists are now crossing the Channel and setting out on the 700-mile journey to the South of France.

For the benefit of those to whom the idea of motoring across France at the present time has seemed out of the question, I am passing on the details of the procedure involved, as given to me by Captain A. W. Phillips, of the Royal Automobile Club. The Customs papers required for the car are exactly the same, but circumstances have made it impossible for the Club to cover the necessary deposit on behalf of travelling



DOWN THE GARDEN PATH: A MORRIS "EIGHT" PHOTOGRAPHED IN A DELIGHTFUL SETTING OF SYLVAN PEACE—FAR FROM THE MADDING (WAR).

For those who live in the country and require economical and reliable transport to and from the distant market towns, the Morris "Eight," Series E, is becoming increasingly popular.

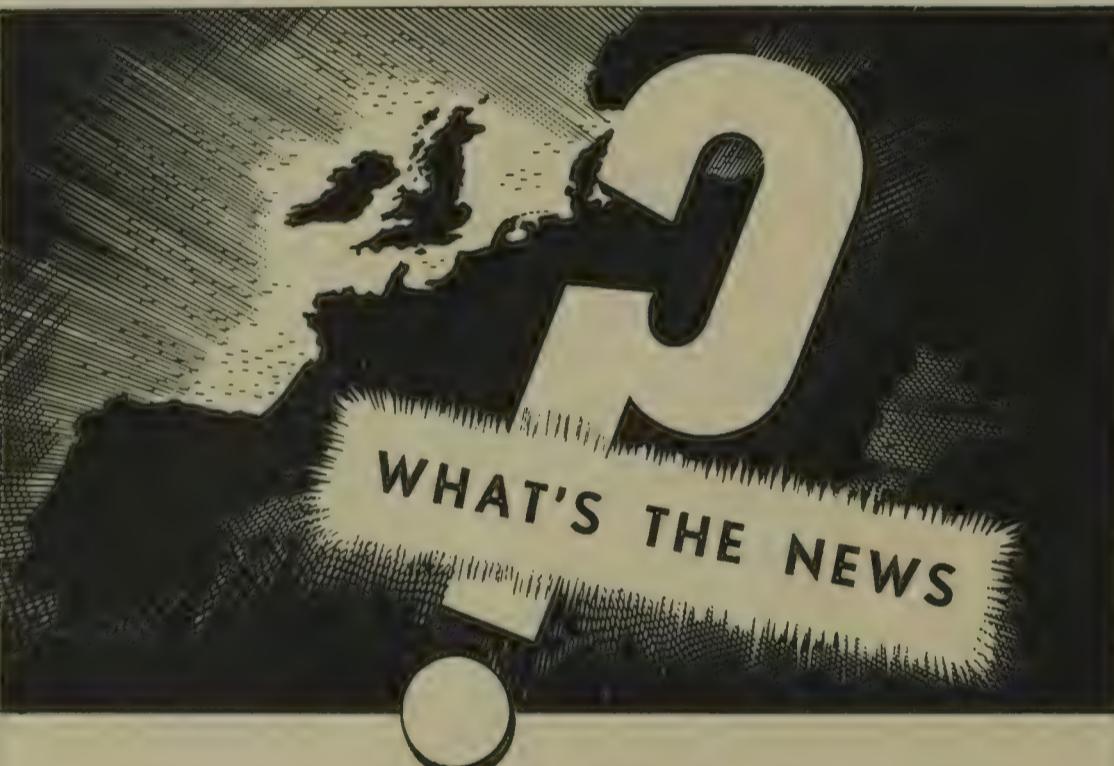
motorists by way of an insurance. This means that a banker's guarantee must be given for the amount, which was what we all had to do in peacetime until a few years ago. On the personal side, a special permit has to be obtained from the Passport Office for attachment to one's passport, and it is necessary to apply to the French Consulate for a visa. A tip given to me by Captain Phillips is to have the full details of the car endorsed on the visa, as this speeds up things considerably on the other side.

So much for the preparations in England. To them must be added the advice to allow plenty of time for them to be completed and for the Channel crossing to be accomplished. Eight copies of a photograph of oneself are also required.

On landing in France, there are several details to be attended to—with the assistance, of course, of the port officers of the R.A.C. In the first place, it is necessary to obtain a document called an M.A.B. pass, which gives a foreign motorist the right to travel from the port of disembarkation to his destination without any restrictions. (From this it will be gathered that touring in the ordinary sense of the word is not encouraged, but at this time of the year this is not a drawback.) Then comes the problem of ensuring adequate petrol supplies while in France, and for this one has to visit the police station in the French port. On presentation of the Customs and ownership papers, the motorist is provided with sufficient "K" petrol coupons for his needs for the current month, according to the horse-power of the car.

On arrival at his destination, the British visitor should immediately go to the local Prefect of Police and obtain permission to circulate with his car in that district. At the same time, he can make arrangements to apply for petrol coupons for the following month, which has to be done on the fifth day of each month. If he has arrived in France after the fifth of the month, he will be furnished with enough "K" coupons to carry him over until he can obtain the regulation coupons in the usual way. The thing to remember about these "K" coupons is that, although applications for them can be made in any French town, the R.A.C. strongly recommends applying for them only in the larger towns, where the officials concerned will most certainly be familiar with the procedure.

At first sight all this may sound a good deal more complicated than the peacetime transportation of one's car across the Channel. Against this, however, must be set the solicitude of the R.A.C. port officers, before whose quiet efficiency the most intricate documents lose all their terrors. Added to which, the sunshine of the Riviera will be all the more pleasurable at such a journey's end.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"PUNCH WITHOUT JUDY," AT THE NEW.

ONE wonders whether Mr. Max Catto intended his play to be a costume comedy. Though, judging by the clothes, the time is the present day,



A NEW VAUXHALL "TEN" PHOTOGRAPHED WITH ITS OWNERS ON ARRIVAL AT EAST LONDON, SOUTH AFRICA, AFTER A POST-DELIVERY DRIVE OF OVER TWO HUNDRED MILES, MUCH OF IT OVER INDIFFERENT ROADS. In this photograph Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Crookall, of Cape Town, South Africa, are seen at the East London park with their new Vauxhall "Ten," in which, after taking delivery, they drove more than two hundred miles, much of the way over bad surfaces.

many of the characters behave as if they were their own grandparents. For example, a Bloomsbury landlady casts a very censorious eye at a young person who, for all she knows, might be a model going into an artist's room. The young lady in question has, for one who serves in a tobacconist's shop, an extraordinarily inferior complex. She takes every opportunity of confessing she is one of the lower classes, and not fit to speak to the heroine, who is herself living in sin. The heroine, too, has one of those very early-Victorian parents who, when learning of their daughter's shame, callously turn her into the streets, to beg, for all they care, her bread from door to door. When the heroine returns, in the last act, to her lover's dwelling, one

expected her to be accompanied by falling snow and a fatherless little one in her arms. Simon and Mickey share a two-roomed flat, and keep empty bottles under the sofa. Simon is a budding biologist whose enquiries into the love-life of bugs will, he hopes, win him his B.Sc. Comes to dwell on the same floor a young lady named (to provide an excuse for the play's title) Judy. Simon falls so madly in love with her that he cannot keep his eyes on his text-books. For a reason that evaded one critic, they decide that marriage has more responsibilities than free love. So they cohabit without any legal formalities. For three months empty beer-bottles are no longer found under the sofa. But that appears to be Simon's limit in the way of abstinence. He quarrels with Judy and goes out on a binge. So Judy leaves him; is turned, as previously suggested, out into the cold, hard world by her father, but returns in time to make an honest man of the hero and accompany him to Scotland, where, having gained his degree, he has obtained a post. Neither Miss Elizabeth Allan nor Mr. Peter Murray Hill infuses much life into this young couple. Mr. Henry Kendall is very amusing as Mickey, Mr. Ernest Jay extremely good as a boarding-house-keeper. Miss Marjorie Rhodes,

as his wife, gives a performance that is probably the best to be seen in London at the moment.

"WHO'S TAKING LIBERTY?",
AT THE WHITEHALL.

Political songs in pantomimes have bored countless generations of children. But a political pantomime is something of a novelty. Miss Pamela Frankau has scored a triumph with this effort. One can, if one desires, ignore the satire, regard Liberty (Miss Dorothy Hysen) as just the sweetest Cinderella ever, and Miss Margaretta Scott, instead of England, as the shapeliest and most dashing Prince Charming seen on the stage for many Christmases. Those aged enough to recall the great days of Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell

may have seen funnier Ugly Sisters than Messrs. Reginald Purcell and Frederick Burtwell, but few else. It is amazing how legitimate actors do enjoy a lark. Put them in skirts and ginger wigs, and they have, and give their audiences, the time of their lives. When Drury Lane is evacuated, Messrs. Purcell and Burtwell must definitely be the Ugly Sisters in the first "Cinderella" to be produced there. Meanwhile, their performance alone should make the Whitehall wish it had the seating capacity of that home of pantomime.



THE MINISTER OF SUPPLY EXAMINING A LIGHT AERIAL BOMB: MR. LESLIE BURGIN AT THE OPENING OF THE LONDON DISPLAY OF MUNITION STORES.

On December 5 Mr. Leslie Burdin opened the London display of munition stores, at Savoy Hill House, W.C.2, which was arranged to assist firms who are prepared to undertake Government contracts. It is to be open for a considerable time. The stores displayed include small bombs, fuses, grenades, searchlight parts and tank spares. Besides this display, others of a similar nature are to be seen in the various industrial centres. (S. and G.)

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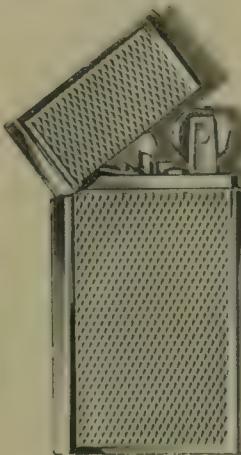
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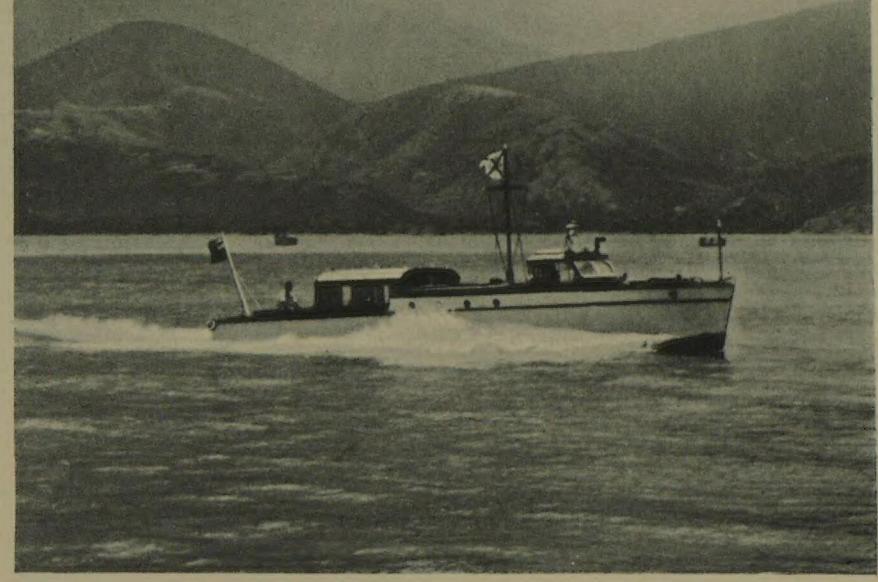
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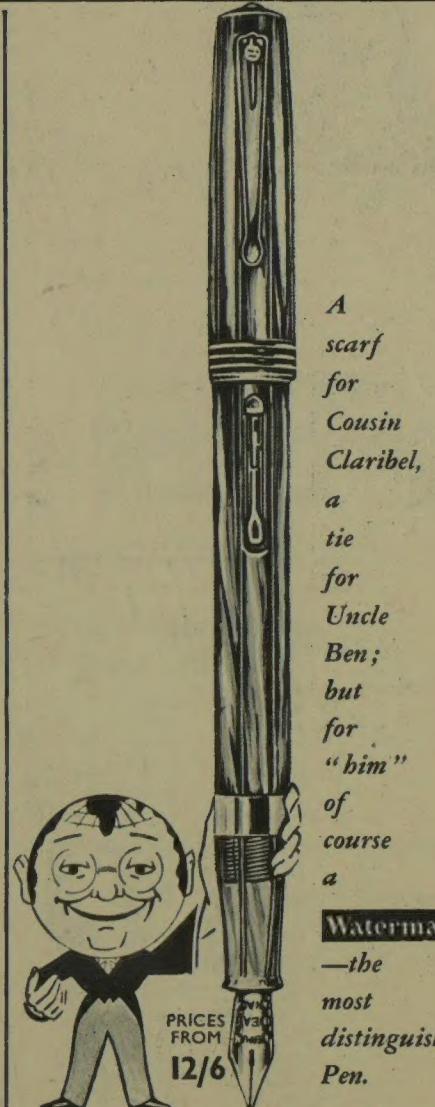
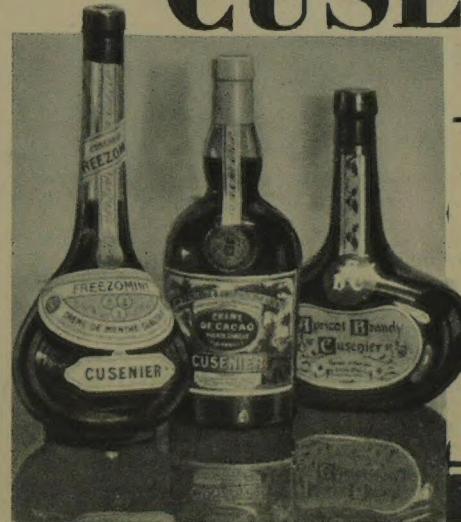
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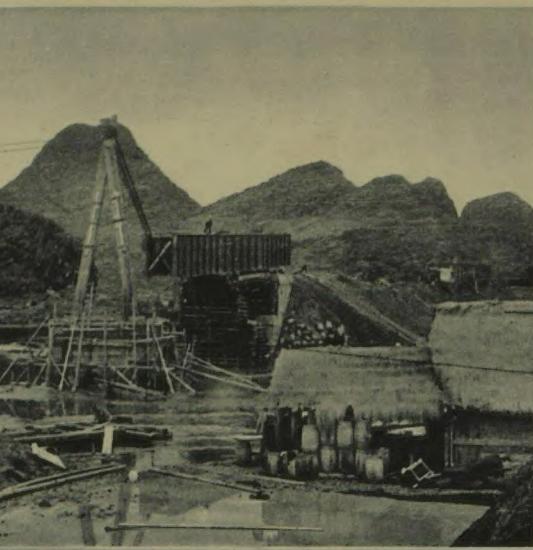
NEW LIGHT ON PRE-HOMERIC MYCENÆ.

(Continued from page 903.)

There was also a floor above the megaron, and the plan of that part of the house, so far determined, presents some analogies with the Homeric description of Odysseus' palace. The colonnaded court recalls the palace at Tiryns, and the whole house, in its excellent construction and planning, the palace at Mycenæ. It is, after the latter, the most imposing house within the citadel walls and the first important house of Mycenæan date, not a palace, to be excavated on the Mainland. It was destroyed by fire, like all other buildings on the acropolis, and was presumably inhabited up to the fall of Mycenæ in the twelfth century B.C., a date borne out by the pottery in the two basement rooms mentioned.

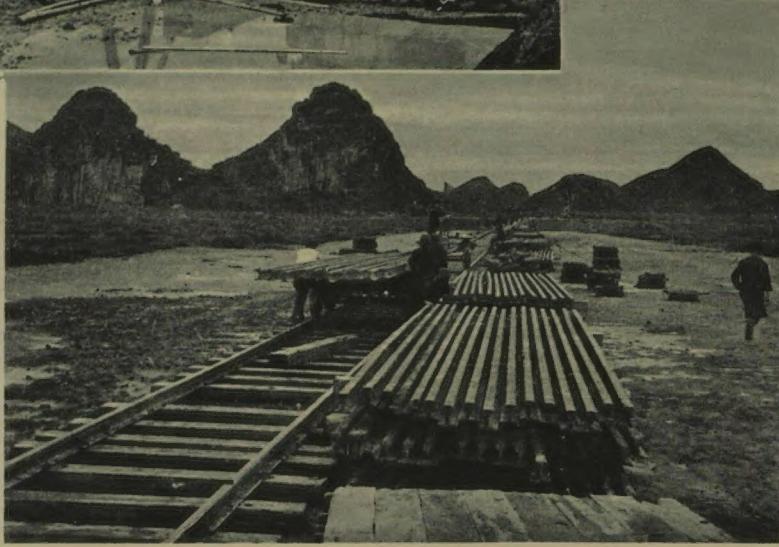
THE PREHISTORIC CEMETERY.

Directly outside the acropolis wall and to the west of the Lion Gate an area already partially cleared was closely examined to see if the prehistoric cemetery, which now lies partly within the acropolis wall, extended in this direction also, as Tsountas had believed. This view of Tsountas we were fully inclined to accept after our previous excavations in and around the famous Grave Circle, enclosing the royal shaft graves found by Schliemann within the Lion Gate. Earlier work by Tsountas and ourselves had shown that the royal graves were only part of an extensive prehistoric cemetery which was in use long before the walls were built; in fact, from the Middle Bronze Age down to the second phase of the Late Bronze



WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE NEW KWANGSI RAILWAY, WHICH IS PLAYING AN IMPORTANT PART IN CHINESE RESISTANCE TO THE JAPANESE THRUST IN KWANGSI PROVINCE: BUILDING A BOX GIRDER BRIDGE ACROSS ONE OF THE MUDDY SHALLOWS OF THIS DIFFICULT COUNTRY. THE LINE PROVIDES COMMUNICATION FROM HUNAN, AND HAS BEEN COMPLETED ACROSS MUCH OF KWANGSI.

A.P.



PART OF THE COMPLETED LINE OF THE KWANGSI RAILWAY, SHOWING HAND-TRUCKS RUNNING ON IT AND CONTAINING TRACK FOR THE NEXT SECTION. (A.P.)

Age, or from about 2000 to 1450 B.C. When the Lion Gate and Cyclopean wall were built, the royal graves were enclosed as a sacred area and

the rest of the cemetery within the walls was built over.

Since it appeared that the line of the citadel wall ran through the prehistoric cemetery, it was natural to suppose that part of it would be found outside the walls near the Lion Gate. Our expectations were not disappointed. In the small-area-cleared fifteen graves were found, dating from about 2000 to 1500 B.C. Some were cist graves of the characteristic Middle Bronze Age type, some were shallow rock-cut graves, and there was one definite regularly cut shaft grave, a small version of the type of the royal graves. Several were graves of children and they tended to be arranged in groups—probably family groups—another point of resemblance with the group of royal graves.

This part of the cemetery outside the walls was partially built over in late Mycenæan times, after the erection of the Lion Gate, and then some of the graves were found and cleared of their contents. In the shaft grave, which had been partially robbed, were five gold buttons of a type hitherto known only in glass-paste, and seven unbroken vases of about 1500 B.C. Another grave of the same group yielded a necklace of ten gold and four amber beads, and the fragments of a fifteenth-century Ephyrean vase.

The discovery of these groups of graves, including a shaft grave, proves that the Cyclopean Wall was built, as Tsountas long ago surmised, through the middle of an extensive prehistoric cemetery, and is of vital importance for the understanding of the royal graves themselves. Further excavation of the adjoining areas outside the walls and near the Lion Gate, which we

hope some day to undertake, will undoubtedly reveal other graves in this cemetery and contribute yet more to the history of Mycenæ.



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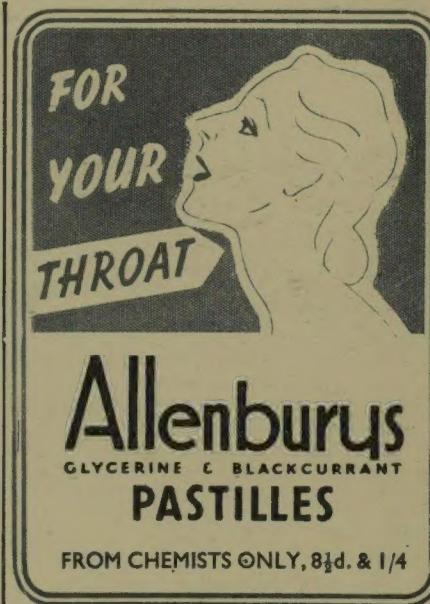
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HERZOG.

green, with portrait of General Hans Herzog, who commanded the Swiss Army during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.

Holland's set, comprising six stamps in one uniform design by Sierk Schröder, shows an infant carrying what may be a cornucopia on his shoulder, or it may be an over-filled Christmas stocking. It is difficult to see how the contents are prevented from tumbling out. The stamps have been printed by the Enschedé firm of Haarlem, the values and colours being 1½ cent grey, 2½ cent green, 3 cent reddish brown, 5 cent green, and 12½ cent blue. They are sold at a small supplement over the actual face value, in aid of child welfare.



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